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BETWEEN SLEEPING AND WAKING.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY FRANK J. OTTARSON.

Sometimes, when vainly wooing sleep,
Strange fancies through the brain will creep;
Not dreams, but such unbidden guests
As come in spite of watchfulness.
We drift far back to other days.
Our lives are turned to stranger ways;
We leave the world—the sense grows dumb
To things that are or things to come;
We question whence and how and when
We grew from Nothing into men.
From Nothing? Was it thus we sprang,
Long ages back, when Time was young?
Can Nothing into Something grow?
And is that all that we can know?
We live; we hope to live somewhere
When this great globe dissolves in air.
Did we not live in systems gone
Ere yet the earth rolled round the sun?
What are our dreams and hopes and fears
But echoes from the earlier spheres?
What are our visions of the night
But shadows of old homes of light,
Where, ages ere the world was made,
Our little acts of life were played?
When some strong passion crosses life,
Some stern experience of strife,
And the mind rests from waking moil,
We dream again the pain and toil.
Then why, as touching higher things,
May not sleep lend the spirit wings
To wander back and live once more
The wondrous life it lived of yore?
Are not the dreams of happy heaven
Or direful hell, in visions given,
The perfect shadows of the real,
And not mere fanciful ideal?
If we forever shall go on,
Was it not thus in ages gone?
If life eternal yet shall be,
Was't not an all eternity?
If endlessness shall be, henceforth,
Where was beginning ere this earth?
If matter be eternal, then
So must have been the lives of men;
And, either in earth, sea or air,
We must have always lived somewhere.

MURIEL;

OR,

A DOUBLE VOW.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU,
Author of "Fair as a Star," "A Wife's Revenge," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—A WORN-OUT LOVE.

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart;
'Tis woman's whole existence.—Byron.

Mr. Crosbie did all he could to get proof of the truth of the strange message that had come to Katie. The handwriting was certainly Mark Dyson's, or such a copy of it that it could not be told from the original. He was not satisfied with that evidence alone. He knew that cruel and senseless hoaxes had been played before now with bottles and forged letters, and he was not satisfied till he had found Tom Oliver and had the story again from him. He was easily got at. He was where he had said he should be found, and the people of the place gave him a very good character for truthfulness.

"He's a rough customer, is Tom," the custodian of the place said, "as rough a one as I know, but he's kindhearted, and he wouldn't go to play a joke like that. Not that it is a joke—it would be a wicked lie, and I know Tom would not do it."

Tom repeated his tale to Katie's father, and, moreover, told where the ship he had come home in lay. He had sailed in her for three voyages, and was going again. The captain would corroborate all that he had said.

The captain was aboard, luckily, personally superintending the removal of some valuables of his own, and he spoke for Tom at once. What he said was true in every particular. He had wanted to take the custody of the bottle upon himself, but Tom had seemed to have a fancy for delivering the letter in person, and he had let him do it.

They had put someone ashore at Southampton, and he had let Tom go, knowing he might rely upon him to meet them in London. He had done more than that: he had come off from Deal in a pilot-boat and resumed his duties. He was happy to say he could trust Tom. The young lady might rely upon everything he said being true.

The finding of the letter was a fact, there could be no doubt of that, and that the writer was Mark Dyson there seemed no doubt, either. Mr. Crosbie knew his writing too well to make any mistake, but the mystery remained.

If his daughter's intended husband wrote that letter on board the Queen Esther, how could he have been married at Thornycroft almost on the very day he should have sailed? Was he so infamously cruel as to be deceiving two women? It seemed incredible, and, more than that, what could his motive have been? What end could be attained by such double deception?

Evidence was plentiful that he had given up his berth under Government, and if he really were married in Europe he was deceiving his wife if he told her that he was still a Queen's messenger. Nothing had been heard of him by any of his old acquaintances since he left the service, and he had told them one and all that he did so to go abroad.

The news of his marriage had reached a few of them, and they had wondered at his sudden estrangement from them all, for he had been one of the most genial companions and most generous and good-hearted of men. What had become of him since no one knew. He had vanished utterly from their ken.

The rescued steward of the Queen Esther was interviewed by Katie's father, who was determined to leave no stone unturned to get at the bottom of the mystery, and he described Mark Dyson so minutely in the man who had gone aboard as Mr. Forsyth that there seemed no doubt at all.

Why Mark should have consented to any masquerading was a puzzle. There seemed no need for it. That mystery was cleared by the discovery that he had taken the place of another passenger who had given up his berth at the last minute. The inquiries being made resulted in the production of Mr. Forsyth, who had been disappointed of his passage by illness. He called on Mr. Crosbie on finding that gentleman was searching for information, and told him that he was the person who was going out to Africa.

"A death in my family changed all my plans, and I never went, after all," he said; "but the cause then was my own illness. I was suddenly taken ill, almost the last moment, and I should have had to forfeit my passage-money—no small matter to me then, I can assure you—but for the fortunate circumstance of Messrs. Duncombe & Wills wanting a berth for the gentleman they were sending out."

"And you know his name?"

"Only from the berth."

He drew out his pocketbook, and gave Mr. Crosbie a letter.

"I am a methodical man," he said. "I have found the quality useful before now, and I never destroy letters for a certain time after I receive them. It is only a note, as you perceive, but it is at your service if it is of any use to you."

It was very short, only a few lines, stating that Messrs. Duncombe & Wills were happy to relieve Mr. Forsyth of the berth in the Queen Esther, which Mr. Mark Dyson would take.

They inclosed a check for the amount he had paid, and hoped he would not be much inconvenienced by what had been a lucky chance for them. The Queen Esther was a good ship, and might be expected to make the voyage in as quick a time as any vessel sailing.

In addition to all this, there was a note from Mark himself, written on board, and sent back in the pilot-boat, which was produced by the person to whom it was written, and sworn to by the pilot who brought it ashore.

There was no mistake. The man who had sailed in the Queen Esther and written the letter that the winds and waves had brought to shore was in every deed Mark himself; and the man who was Muriel's husband at St. Valery either was usurping his name or was in reality a namesake, and resembling him as well.

Mr. Crosbie thought the latter. His son had never seen his sister's betrothed husband, and there were plenty of dark men in the world, and Dyson, though by no means a common name, was to be found in the directory in more than one place. That useful volume showed three Mark Dysons in London; so that it was evident that they had been mistaken, and that all the odd things that had seemed to confirm the notion that Mark was false would be explained in time.

Katie wept tears of joy when she found that the character of the man she loved was vindicated. She might mourn for Mark now with all her loving heart, and cherish his dear letter till the time came when it would be laid in her coffin with her. He was true to her, had been true to the end, and it was less bitter to think of him lying at the bottom of the sea, his last thoughts of her, than to fancy him happy with another woman—a false Mark, who could never have been the lover he professed himself.

She should mourn for him now openly. He was dead, her Mark to the last, and as she put on the mourning she said to herself she would never lay it down till she had done with this world's clothes forevermore.

There came to be a look of sweet content on her pale face as she moved about her father's house, intent on her household duties. But it was not sorrow without hope with her now. Mark and she would meet in that other world, where there is no parting, and she was content to wait.

Mr. Thornycroft never renewed his offer. He saw that Katie would never have any love for mortal man again. But he was her staunch friend from the hour when he heard of what happened.

"It is partly your fault, youngster," he said to Walter, when he had heard the story. "Your sister would never have suffered so much but for you."

"How so, sir?"

"Why, but for your recognition of the fellow your sister would have known nothing about it. The mere fact of Mark Dyson being married does not prove that he is the same Mark Dyson that was going to marry her."

"But think how strange his conduct was, sir. If he were not the same, he wanted us to think so, for some reason or other. And then you yourself——"

"Oh, yes, I know I aided and abetted you in all you did. It is a queer business altogether. I suspect the other fellow is a scamp; but he'll be sure to burn his fingers somehow, and come to grief. I am sorry for that poor little girl. But, there, she should not have married a man she did not know. It serves her right."

"I can't make it out," the young man said. "There were letters to and from London, if you remember, and from Paris, too. They were genuine enough—at least, Mr. Moore seemed to think they were."

"Forgeries, every one of them, I have not the least doubt. The fellow must be a thorough swindler, though why he should have pitched upon a penniless girl like that to marry, when he might just as well have gone in for money, I cannot think; we shall hear some day, I dare say."

"I don't want to hear any more about him. It was only for Katie's sake I was so troubled. I wish——"

"You wish what?"

"That I had not told Mrs. Lutterell about it. Of course, they have been deceived, too, if they really did give the testimonials that came here—and I think they did. She did not know Mark Dyson personally, but I thought she seemed grieved to hear anything so bad of him."

"You can easily undo all that when you go to London again. You will be there in less than a week. Call upon and tell her what you have found out; I dare say she has not seen it in the papers—women don't read them much."

There had been a paragraph or two about the bottle and the length of time it had been in the water, and the distance it had traveled—further than the old Resolute, which found her way from the icy bondage of the frozen sea to the borders of civilization unsteered and unguided save by the Hand that guides the winds and "rides upon the storm."

It had read to most people like a penny-a-liner's story, and had been passed over by those to whom it had no interest, and they were the multitude, without a second look. It so chanced that the only notice of it which came under the eye of Burne Lutterell was one in which the name of Mark Dyson had been garbled into something else, and he had passed it by without a second look; so that the news that Walter Crosbie took to Mrs. Lutterell was new to her.

She was not so stiff and formal as she had been on the first interview, and he thought her looking much older and more careworn. There were lines in her handsome face, and threads of gray in her hair. She looked like a woman over whom some sorrow had passed, and yet there was nothing that anyone could see to warrant such a supposition.

Her husband was as attentive as ever, and her home as comfortable. Nothing was wanting there, except the nameless something that only an unloved wife can feel. She was in a morbid state of mind, that nothing but employment, and plenty of it, can cure. She had done all the service she could for her husband. She had raised him up when his fortune in the world would have had to stop. She was no use to him now, she said to herself a hundred times a day, in proud grief; and she watched every wrinkle and dreaded every gray hair, with a passionate regret for her vanished youth that helped more than anything else could have done to produce the very effect she dreaded.

She could not accuse Harry of any unkindness; on the contrary, he never had seemed more anxious that she should have everything that could secure her pleasure or comfort; but he was drifting away from her somehow, and she could not stay him.

She told Walter Crosbie she could not understand the news he brought at all. She had certainly understood that Mr. Lutterell had been asked to give his opinion of Mr. Dyson. Indeed, she had seen the letters that had passed. If he could offer any explanation, she was sure he would give it; but she had no doubt he must have been imposed upon in some way.

"I hope Miss Crosbie is bearing the sorrow well," she said, when her guest rose to go.

"Much better than the thought of his falsehood," he replied.

"Ah, yes," she said, with a smile, "death is better to bear than deceit, is it not? I should choose it if I had my choice."

"That's an unhappy woman," Walter said to himself as he went away. "Wealth is not all in this world, it seems."

CHAPTER XXXIV.—THE STRAW ON THE WIND.

Take a straw and throw it up into the air. You may see by that which way the wind is.—SELDEN.

"Who makes their woes deserves them," says Julia, in "The Hunchback," in her self-upbraiding, and Adrienne Lutterell often caught herself repeating the words she had spoken with such marvelous effect in her stage-career.

To a certain extent she did make the woes she suffered from; for, except that Mr. Lutterell was something less demonstrative in his affection than in the days of their honeymoon, she certainly had not much to grumble at. She was jealous without knowing of what she was jealous. No other woman had ever come between them that she knew of, and he was as attentive as ever. It was his business that she began to hate, for it seemed to rise between them like a cloud. He was weary and irritable where he used to be so genial and happy, and she felt as if she could have endured poverty better than the constant absence and mysterious journeys of which she was allowed to know nothing.

They annoyed her, and they gave great and lasting umbrage to the manager of the office, who was shut out of his master's confidence for the first time. He made sure after the American expedition that he should have been told what it was all to lead to; but Mr. Lutterell settled down in his old ways, and said never a word. Not quite in his old way, either, for he was restless and unlike himself, and made several mistakes in the business of the house that were almost alarming to a steadygoing man like Mr. Judson. He ventured to speak then, but he got no satisfaction at all.

"I am afraid you are not well, sir," he said, after the first mistake that his master made.

"I am quite well, thank you," was the short answer. "Only a little astray in my thoughts to-day, that is all."

"That is very unlike you, sir. I hope the business you went away upon was successful?"

"Quite. It succeeded beyond my hopes."

"I should be glad to help you in it if I could."

"I must manage the matter by myself, thank you. No one can be of any assistance to me at present."

The tone was such that Mr. Judson could not renew the subject, and he was silent, hurt and indignant that the man he had served so well should not have more faith in him than this.

"I am going to lay more on your shoulders at home, though," Mr. Lutterell said, laying his hand on his manager's shoulder. "You shall not complain that I do not give you enough to do."

Judson was somewhat appeased by the offer that was made him, which certainly was a very handsome one—a little more responsibility, and a good deal more money. But he felt it was given as a pill to salve over the hurt that his master knew right well he felt.

He was not satisfied with the state of things. He could not comprehend where the large sums that the head of the house drew out from time to time went to. He was almost inclined to think that Henry Lutterell must have taken to gambling, and wanted the money to cover his debts at the board of greencloth.

"And yet I can't think it," he said to himself. "It is not in him. He had no vices of that sort. It is speculation—that's what it is. Pray Heaven he does not go farther than he can draw back from. But when the mania takes hold of a man, and he does it in secret, it is just as bad as the gaming-table."

The journeys were taken to such queer places, too. The last had been to the extreme north of Scotland, and from there to Ireland, and had occupied more than three weeks. It must be something connected with mines, Mr. Judson thought; and then he was more troubled than ever about it, for mines were in a very depressed condition just then, and failures were being daily announced in the papers.

His chief had only just returned from this last expedition when a queer incident happened which set Mr. Judson thinking not a little. He was sitting alone in his office, Mr. Lutterell being at home with Adrienne, when the office-boy presented himself.

"What is it?" asked Mr. Judson, without looking up from the paper he was reading.

"Harding wants to see you, sir, if you please."

"Harding! Who is that?"

"Please, sir, it is the old messenger," the boy replied, with a surprised look.

Harding had been dismissed for "cheek," which had made him a person of mark in the lad's eyes. That anyone should dare to cheek the heads of the house was a most amazing thing in his estimation.

"Oh, ah! Yes; I remember. What does he want?"

"He asked for Mr. Lutterell, sir, and then for you. I don't know what he wants."

"Ask him."

"Yes, sir."

But Harding could not tell his business, and he was ordered in. He came fearlessly and somewhat bluntly—the same quality that had obtained his dismissal being evidently uppermost still. He was a fresh, wholesome-looking young fellow, with somewhat of a seagoing way about him.

"Well," said Mr. Judson, not overgraciously—it had been to him that Harding's cheek had been principally displayed—"what is it?"

"It is Mr. Lutterell's coat, sir," the young man replied. "I wanted to see either you or him, to tell you how it was I had not brought it back long ago. He left it aboard our boat."

"I don't in the least know what you mean," Mr. Judson said. "What boat?"

Harding explained that he was assistant steward on a boat plying between Southampton and Brest. He had been very lucky in dropping into the berth, and had suited so well that he had stayed there ever since his dismissal from his former employment. He had been accustomed to the sea when a boy, and was, therefore, fitted for the place. Mr. Judson told him he was very glad to hear he was doing well, but could not understand how any coat of Mr. Lutterell's came to be aboard the vessel he spoke of.

"He went across with us, sir," Harding said, "and a rough night it was, too."

"Went across to Brest?"

"Yes, sir."

"When?"

The young man thought a moment, and then gave the date.

"I am quite sure of the day, sir," he said, "because of what happened on the next."

"What was that?"

"Nothing to do with Lutterell or his coat, sir. Only something that took me away from that boat for a week, as I thought. It has been a good month. The coat was in my chest; for, you see, knowing whose it was, I thought, as there were letters in the pocket, I would bring it myself. It went clean out of my head with the worry I had, and I never gave it a thought from that time to this. When I got my chest again and saw it there, I was quite taken aback."

Mr. Judson stared at his former employe in bewilderment. He thought there must be some mistake.

"I think you have got someone else's coat, Harding," he said. "Mr. Lutterell has never been to France this year."

"Yes, he has, sir," Harding replied. "He came on board almost the last that night. It was a night-passage; pretty near twelve when we started. He was muffled up, as though he was not well, for it was not a cold night at all."

"Are you quite sure?"

"Sure, sir! Yes. I could not mistake him. I did not speak to him. He didn't come in my way, and I thought he wouldn't be pleased, maybe, if I did, and he was gone before I could catch him when we got to the other side."

"But he was somewhere else on the date you mention," said Mr. Judson helplessly. "I saw him off myself."

"Wherever you saw him off too, sir, he came to Southampton afterwards," Harding persisted, "and he left his coat behind him in the Osprey. Here it is, sir, and the letters, too."

It was Mr. Lutterell's coat, there was no doubt of that—a light overcoat that he was accustomed to wear almost constantly, with a wealthy man's disregard of smart clothes.

He liked it, he declared, when Adrienne remonstrated with him on its shabbiness, and wore it to the office almost daily. Mr. Judson remembered that he had not seen it lately, and felt his brain in a whirl when he remembered the events of that night. Mr. Lutterell had been more than usually chatty with him, and he had dined with him at his house, and afterwards gone with him to the station, and seen him off on his Scottish journey.

He had talked to him about it, and had deplored the length of it as so much wasted time, and had taken a berth in a Pullman car, to be fresh and fit for business at the end of it, and Mrs. Lutterell had heard from him several times from the very places that he had spoken of visiting, and certainly Brest was not among them.

"There's a mistake somewhere," he said. "It is very odd."

"It is none of my making, sir," the young man said respectfully. "I am quite sure I have made none. I went after Mr. Lutterell with the coat when I found he had left it. But he had hurried away as if he had some business that would not wait. I saw him without the handkerchief he had wrapped round his face when I went into the cabin with something He was talking to the captain."

"Did you speak to him?"

"No, sir. I had no reason to then, and he did not recognize me. He never looked my way at all."

"You can leave the coat with me, Harding. It will be quite safe. I will see about it."

"And you will explain to Mr. Lutterell how I came to be so long bringing it back, if you please, sir?"

"Yes, of course, I will. I don't suppose it signifies much, or we should have heard of his losing it. Here's something for your trouble in bringing it back."

"Thank you, sir, but I did not come for that. I'm doing very well, and I did not want any reward."

"Oh, well, take it all the same. And Harding——"

"Sir?"

"Will you do me a favor?"

"Surely, Mr. Judson. What is it?"

"Do not mention this business to anyone."

"Meaning the coat, sir?"

"Meaning your finding it, or Mr. Lutterell's trip to France, or anything connected with it. If he really was going secretly, doubtless it was for some reason of his own, and it would be better not to speak of it. No one seems to know it but you and me, and we will keep the knowledge to ourselves."

"I'll be silent, sir. I have no cause to talk about it that I know of."

"And it's something worth being silent about, I fancy," he added to himself, as he went away with gold chinking in his hand. "Old Judson isn't generally so free with his money. What's the governor been up to, I wonder? I'll keep my eyes open. Perhaps he'll go that way again when he wants to go to France."

CHAPTER XXXV.—AN OLD FRIEND.

Old friends are best. King James used to call for his old shoes; they were easiest to his feet.
—SELDEN, "TABLE TALK."

Mr. Judson thought a great deal over what Harding had told him after the young man was gone. That his story was true there could be no doubt. He had no reason to hatch up such a tale; but why on earth should Mr. Lutterell want to go to France in that secret fashion, and at a time, too, when he had taken pains to show that he was going in an opposite direction?

Aberdeen had been his destination. He had spoken of what he was going to do there, as far as he chose to let his manager into the secret of his new business, and he had written from there, and other places on his route, and answered letters which had been sent to him.

There had seemed more than the necessary delay in the replies to one or two of the business-letters, but he had accounted for that by saying that he had been away when they came. Judson thought it a little odd that he was not open and ready to open and answer business communications; but for the last twelve months or so his chief had been strangely particular on that head.

He had made the alteration quietly and gently, and no one knew when it first came about; but it was an understood thing now that all letters, however trivial, were to pass through his hands first. He seemed curiously anxious lest any should go missing, and was altogether altered from what he had been before this new whim, whatever it was, had seized him.

Whatever it was, he was going into it heart and soul, and Mr. Judson was sorely troubled sometimes about it. It was nothing that would do the house any credit, he felt sure, and it was costing a great deal, and bringing unhappiness and discomfort all around. Mrs. Lutterell did not like it, that was evident, and her husband found it a source of anxiety enough to make him look older and more careworn every day. It unsettled matters at the office to have him away so much and at such uncertain times, and when he was at home he was preoccupied and anxious.

There was nothing in the letters left in the pocket of the coat to let in any light on his journey to France, though they were ample proof of the ownership; and the more Mr. Judson thought, the more puzzled he grew. He should have suspected that there was a woman in the case with any other man, but Henry Lutterell was not one to rush indiscriminately after pretty faces, or to be fascinated by a designing woman.

Everyone knew that he was too deeply attached to his beautiful wife to ever falter in his allegiance to her. He owed her too much to be so heartlessly ungrateful. The thought that he might be gambling his money away crossed the manager's mind more than once; but he had watched, and could discover nothing.

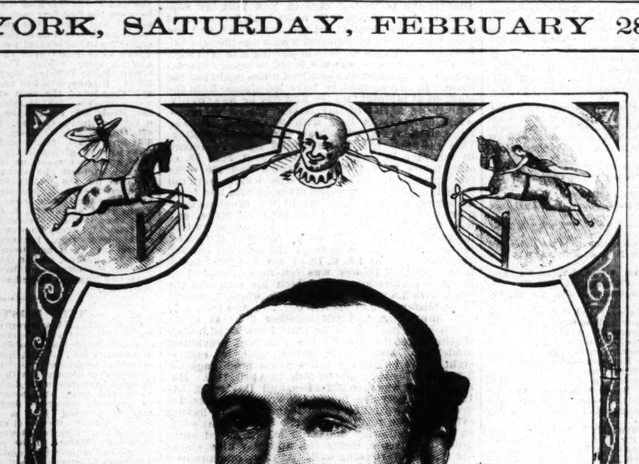
A more regular man in his habits than Henry Lutterell there could not be. When he was at home he rarely went out. He delighted in his own beautiful place, and seemed not to care to leave it. Certainly he did not frequent any place where gambling was carried on, or associate with anyone likely to lead him into the vice.

And yet the money went—sometimes in large sums, sometimes in small, and at curiously irregular intervals. Mr. Judson knew the head-cashier at the bank his master used, and got his information from him. Mr. Lutterell was such a singularly methodical man that any deviation from his usual practices was noted at once. Until the beginning of this secret business of his and his strange absences from home, his accounts had been kept with the utmost regularity, and they knew almost to a penny what he would draw at stated intervals.

Now it was very different. He had been drawing largely on his private account for more than a year, and always in a hurried, stealthy kind of way, as if he did not want anyone to know anything about it.

"I hope and pray the old house is not coming to an end," Mr. Judson said to himself, "but I am afraid of it. When the head of an old firm like this takes to keeping secrets, it looks flshy, that it does."

When Mr. Lutterell returned from his Scotch and Irish journey, he brought with him a friend—a tall, dark gentleman, whose face, as he walked up to the door from the carriage, seemed strangely familiar to Adrienne, though she could not recall where or when she had seen it. It



E. DARWIN COLVIN, CIRCUS MANAGER.

seemed to carry her back a long time, and into the days when she was a struggling actress, with no thought of being mistress of a fortune and such a home as she now enjoyed.

She was feeling more like herself on this particular evening. She had been taking herself to task, and passing in review all that had happened lately, and she had come to the conclusion that, except her husband's business, she had nothing to be jealous of or anxious about. If Harry was preoccupied, it was outward affairs that made him so. He did not love her any the less, and she would try and keep down the thoughts that had been uppermost lately, and strive to show him a more genial face when he came home, and not fret herself for the unattainable.

A wise resolve, which many women make, and some keep, and which Adrienne thought she would never break, and which had the effect of making her eyes bright and her face more radiant than her husband had seen it for many a day.

She looked splendid, too, in her well-chosen dress; its sweeping folds fell around her, and made her look like an empress. A dainty head-dress of soft lace rested on her dark hair, and the visitor thought he had never seen such a magnificent woman as his friend's wife.

"There she is," Henry Lutterell said, as they caught sight of the graceful figure standing at the window, making a picture an artist would be thankful to paint.

"I see."

"Should you have known her?"

"I think so. I am sure I should. She is lovelier than ever, if that can be."

"She is older," Henry Lutterell said, with a laugh. "We don't get younger, Addie and I. She will be very glad to see you."

Another minute and they were in the house, and Adrienne had come out to greet them, looking a little wonderingly at the newcomer.

"Don't you remember him, Addie?" asked Mr. Lutterell. "You and he were great chums once."

"I ought to," she answered, "and yet I——"

She paused for a minute, and then exclaimed: "Can it be possible it is Mr. Davis?"

"I thought you would remember me," he said, taking her hand and pressing it gladly. "I should have known you anywhere."

"And yet I have turned into an old woman since you and I met," she said, with a half sigh. "I thought you took me back strangely somewhere. Now I know where. It was Spindleton."

"You have not forgotten the old times, then?"

"Forgotten them! No, they were the very beginning of my success. That dirty little town was poor papa's only chance. I have to thank you for a great deal, Mr. Davis."

She held out her hand again. She had seldom been so pleased as she was to see him. That brief time at the smoky, soot-begrimed town had been very pleasant while it lasted, and very dear to look back upon; and as she stood there, welcoming her husband's old friend, she seemed to be standing once more upon the stage of the little theatre, with their two faces making an audience for her of themselves as they sat opposite in the boxes.

"When you have quite done with him, Addie," Henry Lutterell said, smiling at her eager gladness, "I'll take you to his room, and you can gossip to him as much as you please. Good-bye. He is going to stay with us till to-morrow. And you may give us some dinner as soon as you like, for we are very hungry."

"Having had nothing to eat for a full hour and a half," laughed Mr. Davis. "I found him refreshing himself at the buffet at Swindon, and I am not sure that he did not do the same again at Reading. I lost him there for a minute."

"For as long as it took me to put a telegram and a shilling into the hand of a porter, that was all. He is a base libeler, Addie; don't listen to him. But for that same refreshment that he talks about I should not have seen him at all."

Adrienne joined her husband in his dressing-room when she had given her directions about dinner, and learned from him that he had met his old friend, as he said, for the first time for several years.

His father had met with sad reverses before his death, and Herbert had had to make his way as best he could. He had tried the Colonies, and had made a very good position for himself in Australia, where he had married a young English lady. She had succeeded to a considerable property, and they had come home to settle. Herbert was going to join a firm of good standing in business, and they had made up their minds to remain at home for the future.

"I am glad you are pleased to see him, dear," Mr. Lutterell said to his wife. "I fancied, perhaps, that you would hardly care to be reminded of the old times."

"It was the happiest bit of my life, Harry. I am glad indeed to see Mr. Davis. I hope his wife is nice."

"I don't fancy he would choose anyone that was not. You will soon find out."

"I suppose I must not ask you anything about your journey, Harry? I must be content to know that you have come home safe."

"Is not that enough, you daughter of Eve?"

"No."

"What else do you want?"

"To know whether you were successful; whether you did all you wished; whether——"

"In short, everything about it?"

"Yes."

"I'll sum it up for you, then. I was successful. I have done what I wished, and that is all."

He laughed, but he did not look at her, and there was something in his manner that told her she must not ask any more. At dinner they chatted over all sorts of things, mainly of the past.

After dinner she left them to themselves, saying that she would be ready for coffee with them whenever they liked to join her. They followed almost immediately. They were neither of them great smokers, and her pretty drawing-room was more comfortable than the dining-room. It was very pleasant to lounge there after their journey, and listen to Adrienne's magnificent voice as she sang to them songs old and new, or played snatches of music with a master-hand. Her voice was not strong enough for the work, or she might have been a singer instead of an actress.

All that time was gone now, and her talents were only used for her friends' benefit.

"Now for your news, Addie," her husband said, when she stopped playing for a while, and turned to them from the instrument. "Has anything special happened since I went away?"

"Nothing that I know of. Oh, yes, there has. I heard a piece of news only the other day."

"What about?"

"That man that married the girl that came here once—that you were written to about from France."

"Mark Dyson?"

"Yes."

"What about him?"

"There must be two of them. The one that was to have married Miss Crosbie and the one you know must be two different people. Miss Crosbie's lover is not dead."

TO BE CONTINUED.

LOVE'S LANGUAGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY LILLIAN.

There's a language that's mute, there's a silence that speaks,
There's something that cannot be told;
There are words that can only be read in the cheeks,
And thoughts but the eye can unfold.

There's a look so expressive, so timid, so kind,
So conscious, so quick to impart;
Though dumb, in an instant speaks out the mind,
And strikes in an instant the heart.

This eloquent silence, this converse of soul,
In vain we attempt to suppress;
More prompt it appears, from the wish to control,
More apt the fond truth to express.

And oh! the delight in the features that shine,
The raptures the bosom that melt;
When blest with each other this converse divine
Is mutually spoken and felt.

To my esteemed friend LOUIS DEITER, Baltimore, Md.

ANGIE BROHL;

OR,

The Ghost of the Tapestried Chamber.

AN OLD SHOWMAN'S STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JAMES WIGHT.

"There are ghosts and ghosts," interjected Pop Manders. "A ghost, I believe, ought to be without matter or form, or indeed any sensible properties, and it ought to communicate with us in another way than that which we know, and to possess those ethereal faculties of creeping through chinks or keyholes, and of resuming its airy form like the sylph of Belinda, when the 'glittering forfex' had cut it in twain."

"That reminds me," said another of the company, "of that exquisite morceau of a phantom which appeared to two old ladies dwelling on the opposite shores of the Hudson below Peekskill. One of these dames was visited by the spectre *bust* of a man, the other by the *lower half* of him. Which had the better bargain I know not, but I believe——"

"You believe nothing of the sort!" Pop Manders broke in. "Don't tell me you believe in ghosts! Nobody believes in ghosts! I know what ghosts are! I've had my experiences with your so-called ghosts, gentlemen; there's nothing in them."

"When?" "How?" "Where?" "Under what circumstances?" are a few specimen forms of the interrogatories that burst from his astonished audience.

"When I was in the circus business," he quietly answered.

"In the circus business!" we all exclaimed in a shrill *fortissimo*.

To tell the honest truth, not a soul of us was aware that the shrewd old speculator in real estate had ever taken a hand in the show-man's trade, and it was therefore with an outburst of something akin to enthusiastic peremptoriness that we thus urged him:

"Pray tell us all about it, Pop—there's a dear old soul!"

Thus incited, the old gentleman unfolded the following extraordinary tale, in placing which before the reader I have chosen to use his own language wherever possible, while I have taken an editor's liberty in suppressing certain minutiæ that appeared to be supererogatory.

Five-and-twenty years ago, when Trouville was beginning to awake from its lethargy and to aspire to a place among first-class French watering-places, Manders' American Circus was performing at Havre, on the opposite side of the Seine.

One morning the "proprietor and manager" crossed to the then little fishing-village in a boat for natatorial purposes. He had left the circle of bathers near the shore, and had swum a quarter of a mile seaward, when he overtook a nymph of the wave, also outward bound. Whereupon, in such choice French as he possessed he proceeded to exchange the polite currency of the day, of which the burden was the warmth of the water, the salubrity of the air, the calm of the sea, and the exhilarating influences of the exercise.

Fred Manders was a young man of five-and-thirty, and not unsusceptible to female loveliness. He loved to see a beautiful throat rising like an ivory pillar from the sloping shoulders; he liked to watch the graceful motions of a pair of handsomely-rounded arms, and he was not averse to beholding the graces of a "chipsome waist," which now and again was revealed in all its witcheries.

"Is madame not afraid to swim so far from the shore?" he asked.

"Oh, not the least. Is monsieur?"

"Well—no; not particularly."

"Will monsieur care to swim out to the boats yonder?" she asked, indicating three fishing-boats a couple of hundred yards farther out.

"With the greatest pleasure in the world," was the characteristic rejoinder of the enamored showman, who was satisfied that his companion was either a wife or a widow.

Reaching the boats—the naiad swimming with all the ease and grace of a swan—they hung for a minute or two like reeds, their bodies bobbing up and down with the action of the waves. The manager took a long look at his companion. Her hair and brows were dark, but she had the blue eye of the north. Her features, without being regular, bore on them the imprint of carelessness and good-nature. The air and the exercise had imparted a carmine brilliancy to her cheek. Her little round and pouting mouth was irresistible. The limbs possessed a delicious roundness, and the soft, well-fitting bathing suit was swelled forth across the breast like a damp sail bellied into by the south wind.

They began to swim back. The circus-man inquires if madame ever is seized with cramp. She answers promptly in the negative. He announces that his left foot is beginning to feel queer. She begs him to brace up; because, as she points out, monsieur is too large a man for her to keep up. Despite this warning, monsieur begins to puff and plunge. Finally he disappears. When his head again comes up, the round arm is thrown around his waist, and her voice sounds encouragingly in his ear:

"Help all you can, monsieur, and do not take hold of me. Brace up! Have courage! I will save you!"

The arrangement is perfectly satisfactory to the circus-man. As the naiad toils on with her vigorous stroke, his face wears an aspect of bland contentment—he is at peace with all the world. She glances quickly at him and discovers the fraud.

"Ah! monsieur is fooling!" she exclaims, loosening her hold.

But they have reached the shallow water, and he offers his hand, and, smiling, says:

"Yes, madame; pardon me. I could not withstand the temptation of being rescued from a watery grave by such a charming daughter of Neptune as yourself."

She looked up at him searchingly through her long, silky eyelashes, and, with a smile that surely meant destruction, airily said:

"Ah, you have been very naughty, monsieur; but some day, perhaps, I may pay you back."

"I only hope that fate will be good enough to me to give you the opportunity. I wish you would begin now."

"No, no," she answered, with a seductive smile. "Adieu, monsieur; I must make my toilet." Saying which, she skipped up the steps of the "bathing-machine," and was lost to his view.

The day following Manders' American Circus left Havre and proceeded towards Rouen, seventy-five miles distant. Circuses were not at this date in the habit of traveling by special train on railroads, so that it was a formidable distance that lay between Havre and Rouen. However, as as Napoleon I was accustomed to say, Paris, Rouen and Havre form a single city of which the Seine is the principal street. The whole distance was, even at the period of our narrative, pretty well populated; and it was consequently decided to make a day's halt and give two performances at Rensberg, midway between Havre and Rouen. The performances were well patronized at this midway town, and Manager Manders was well pleased with "the pile" he took with him to his sleeping-apartment in the famous old *hotellerie* known as the Bœuf-Gras. Old Brohl, the landlord, himself escorted his guest to the spacious chamber destined for him.

"You see that it is massive and old-fashioned, as I told you," said Boniface, "and some have said that it is haunted; but, for myself, I never saw anything, and I dare say you are not afraid."

"Haunted!" exclaimed Mr. Manders, laughing. "I would give fifty dollars to see a real ghost."

When the landlord left, the manager noticed that the bed was of the substantial form used in the end of the seventeenth century. The curtains were of faded silk, but the sheets and pillows looked delightful. There was an air of gloom in the tapestry hangings, which, with their worn-out spaces, contained the walls of the apartment. The toilet-table, too, with its mirror, turbaned after the manner of the seventeenth century, and its strange-shaped boxes, providing for arrangements that had been obsolete nearly a century, had an antique and a melancholy aspect. But nothing could burn more brightly and cheerfully than the two large wax-candles, and no couch ever felt more luxurious.

The manager undressed and went to bed, but it was some time before he experienced those drowsy sensations that usually came very readily at his invitation. Just as he was "dropping off," he was suddenly aroused by a sound like that of the rustling of a silk gown and the tapping of a pair of high-heeled shoes, as if a lady were walking in the apartment. He be could quite realize the significance of the noise, the figure of a female tripped between him and the single candle he had left burning. The back of this form was turned towards him, and he was satisfied from the appearance of the shoulders and the neck, that they belonged to an elderly woman.

"I thought the intrusion singular enough," said Pop Manders; "but you understand, gentlemen, I never for a moment harbored the idea that what I saw was anything more than the mortal form of some old woman about the *hotellerie* who had a fancy to dress like her grandmother, and who, having perhaps been dislodged from her usual sleeping-apartment for my accommodation, had forgotten the circumstance and returned to her haunt. Under this impression, I moved myself in bed and coughed a little, to make the intruder sensible of my being in possession of the premises.

"She turned slowly round; but, gracious Heaven! what a countenance she displayed to me! Upon a face which wore the fixed features of a corpse were imprinted the traces of the vilest and most hideous passions. The body of some atrocious criminal seemed to have been given up from the grave, and the soul to be restored a while from its 'fast in fires' to form a brief union with the ancient accomplice of its guilt.

"I started up in bed and sat upright, supporting myself on my palms, as I gazed upon this horrible apparition. The hag seemed to make a single and swift stride to the bed where I lay, and, extracted herself down upon it, in precisely the same attitude which I had assumed in the extremity of my horror, advancing her diabolical countenance within two feet of mine. Suddenly her eyes, nostrils and mouth glowed with a flickering phosphorescence like brimstone flames, while the bag grinned like an incarnate fiend."

"Now, gentlemen, I was no coward—I have been in all kinds of mortal danger; but in these horrible circumstances, under the eyes and, as it seemed, almost in the grasp of the Mother of Satan herself, all firmness forsook me—all manhood melted from me like wax in the furnace. I felt every individual hair bristle. The current of my life-blood ceased to flow, and I sank back in a swoon, as object a victim of terror as ever was a village-girl ten years old. How long I lay in this unconscious condition I cannot pretend to guess. But I was roused by a clock striking *one*, so loud that it seemed as if the huge bell and clapper were in the very room. It was some time before I dared to open my eyes, lest they should again encounter the horrible, flaming face. When, however, I summoned courage to look up she was no longer visible. My first idea was to pull the bell and wake up the landlord; but I was afraid of exposing myself. I lighted the other candle, huddled on my clothes, and sought in the open air some relief to my nervous system.

"Hardly had I reached the bank of the Seine than I recollected that I had left my money and my pistol under my pillow. This discovery acted like a galvanic shock. Salary-day was close at hand. I hurried back to the inn Bœuf-Gras, resolved to dare the tapestried chamber, if all the demons of Tophet were in possession of it. The porter admitted me, and I rushed upstairs. The wax-candles were burning as I had left them. I went to the bed and raised the pillows. The money was gone! The revolver was left; but, later in the day, when I examined it, I found that every cartridge had been extracted! Gentlemen," said Pop Manders, "when I found my bag of money and my cartridges missing, you may bet your boots I made up my mind that my visitor of the night before was no ghost."

The old gentleman went on to state that he made up his mind to say nothing about his loss, either

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1880.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

(For answers to answered questions, see first page of "Theatrical Record.")

☞ QUESTIONS THAT DO NOT REACH THIS OFFICE UNTIL MONDAY MORNING WILL NOT BE ANSWERED UNTIL THE FOLLOWING WEEK.

CASSINO, Houston.—In our opinion, A was right in calling out on the sweep, among other points. Had S made a sweep, of course A's would have had to be turned down under the agreement; but the latter was not required to wait until the end of the cards were reached, for this reason among others—there might be a dead card on the board, A's sweep could therefore never be matched, but he might lose the game through B's making other points while waiting for the deck to run out. There is no settled way of playing this point. It is not usual, in playing a given number of points at cassino, to turn down sweeps. That is a relic of the olden time in which every deal constituted a game, and the cards had to be played to the end to give each player a chance of the low man tieing or beating the high man.

W. B. O., Poncho Springs.—The decision of the board is one that should not be permitted to stand as a precedent. In the long run it would give the dealer a good deal the best of it. Suppose that covertly he has seen enough of a card to determine its character. It will not suit his hand, and so in dealing it to himself he openly exposes it in order to claim the right to reject it, which right would be his in virtue of the decision against him in this particular case. While the dealer cannot expose any other player's cards in drawing and have that player accept them, he can expose all his own cards if he chooses. That is to his own detriment, provided he keeps them. He should be made to keep them; and, furthermore, this should be the practice with respect to the dealer, alike on the original deal and on the draw.

H. BEACON, Phila.—1. 3H. Gs. 2. It does. We would advise you to read the laws of athletics of the National Association of Amateur Athletes. 3. Larkin, Fawsly and Curtis swing it around twice, or, more correctly speaking, one-and-three-quarter times; Boyd and Edleston, three and four times. 4. In 1868. He threw it 70ft. 5. Yes; 36ft. 9½. 6. He puts up a single bell weighing 170lb. and a 103-pounder in each hand. 7. Because it was found, by subsequently weighing the muscle used, that the hammer-head was exactly eight ounces short of proper weight. 8. The games to which you refer commenced at the Hippodrome (now known as the Madison square Garden) June 26, and ended July 2, 1874; but we cannot spare space for winners' names.

SPORT, San Francisco.—1. In the race for Garden City Cup at Chicago, Ill., June 25, 1879, Mollie McCarthy defeated Dave Moore. Solicitor, Janet, Cammie F., McHenry, Clara D., Lozier, Edinburgh, Gov. Neptune, Charley Howard and Gauntlet. We have no information to enable us to answer in another correspondent. 3. The late John Morrissey defeated Heenan for the championship. He also defeated George Thompson and Charles Mullaney. 4. Send us the information concerning it, with certificates from officials, and we may do so

BRADLEY.—If it was on the original deal, as appears to have been the case, it was a muddeal, if No 3 did not raise his cards before announcing that he had been given the wrong hour. If he raised them, his hand is foul, and he must stay out, besides forfeiting what he has up. If the error occurred in the draw, there could be no mischief. As it could not be proved that the latter was not ready to call a single deal, as to the original dealing; and the presumption is that a man who raises his cards looks at their faces. It will not do for him to say that he did not so look; it will avail naught against the fact of his having raised his cards.

GEO. N. HUSBARD, Dewitt.—According to "Pistiana," Harry Lewis (Dutch Boy) fought a series of regular prize battles than any other pugilist, viz., thirty-four, twenty-two of which he won, and one ended in a draw. He also defeated Bill Brown ("Sprig of Myrtle") in a Brown 10 rounds being contested in 33min. Two years before the latter encounter Brown defeated Ned Stockman. Charley Gallop fought seventeen battles, one lasting over three hours, a prize-ring, and twenty-one times before entering the P. R. proper.

K. S. D., Los Angeles.—1. When the men named last fought, their respective announced weights were as follow: Jim Mace, 165lb; Joe Coburn, 168½; Tom Allen, about 176; Joe Goss, about 166. Mace, it is said, never fought in the ring, but will probably weigh 185lb when he meets Goss. 3. The limits of the different fighting weights are Feather, up to 117lb; light, 133lb; middle, 154lb; heavy, over 154lb.

H. K.—There can be no misdeal under the circumstances. If you raised or looked at your cards in time before discovering that you had been given four when you called for but three, your hand is foul, and you must withdraw from that pot. If you made the discovery without malice or looking at the faces of the cards, the dealer can compel the dealer to take back the fourth card.

JOHN DOSLEY, Denver.—If the alleged tests were performed in a fair and in the usual way, we think nothing quite so good. Please write again, and give full particulars as to manner of doing the work. We should also like to have corroborative evidence of the genuineness of the performance, in the shape of affidavits of the judges or other officials.

J. H. D., Englewood.—The party covering the bet loses it, for two reasons—first, he did not have his alleged proof in by the time given him for producing it; and secondly, in proof of the subject-matter of the bet. Instead of demonstrating that what he had said was right, it merely attempts to prove that what he had said had been told him by someone else.

F. E. Malone.—Billiard-tables we have known to be taxed as high as four or five hundred dollars apiece a year. Even the U. S. Government once imposed a tax to a larger extent than you are called upon to pay. Let you and others endeavor to get the law repealed. Until it is repealed, respect it by paying the tax called for, unless of the law to abolish your billiard-room.

H. G. K., New London.—Puzzles are for people who have more time on their hands than they know how to do with it. We have not. Besides, there are two different puzzles of the kind you mention—one with round men, and the other with square. Some things that can be done in one cannot, as we understand it, be done with the other.

J. F. P., Ridgley.—Patsy Reardon's longest battle was with Bob Travers. They fought 7 rounds in 57 minutes July 15, 1862, when the police put a stop to proceedings; next again next day, when Reardon won, after fighting 58 rounds in 1h. 40min. Reardon's shortest battle was with Jim Dillon—56 rounds in 3h. 11m. It took Dilion 2h. 10m. to whip Dooney Harris in 1860.

WASH, Portsmouth.—The rules of the game should accompany the board. We threw ours away shortly after having experimented with the game. There should be a mutual agreement as to the signification of counters in which the rules are silent. The parlor games of which this is a sample are too numerous for us to keep track of them, except at a sacrifice of matters more important.

H. H.—"Under any circumstances whatever" is perhaps broader than you contemplated. A king-flush will beat an ace-flush when the former is of spades and the latter when a five-spot is at the other end of the ace-flush, and when, besides, it has been agreed to play straight flushes. It is only in a straight-flush that the ruling can beat the ace, and all the time it does not beat it even in that.

T. S. A. K., St. Louis.—A Roman Catholic is eligible to the Presidency of the United States. 2. He is eligible even when his wife is also a Roman Catholic. 3. Sherman can be President of the United States, if elected. No man could be elected who is ineligible, for no party would run a man as to whose eligibility there was even a doubt.

C. F. McCARTHY, Rahcocks.—MORRIS disappeared in September, 1858. The anti-Masonic agitation commenced immediately after, and a convention in opposition to the order met Sept. 12, 1828.

THE "GLORIOUS CLIMATE" of London seems to be favorable for the accomplishment of extraordinary feats in the go-as-you-please contentions in that city. No matter how well we do here, our pedestrian friends over there seem to have facilities for doing a little better. Blower Brown has just succeeded in putting Weston's great performance in the back row.

THE WORKMEN of the Steinways are on a strike for bigger wages, and they consider it the grand action of their lives, although it has caused quite a discord in musical circles and high-toned society. If the Steinways are not altogether too high-strung, they had better accede to the demands of the inharmonious strikers, and let the musical work proceed.

A "STOCK" COMBINATION, comprising three Brahmas fowls and a number of bulls and bears, are to give a free exhibition in Wall street on Tuesday, Feb. 24, and at the close of the show the chickens are to be sold to the highest bidder. Should the exhibit prove successful, it is probable that the Brahmas will soon be Cochin China fowls this way.

THE ABCDEFGHIJK Society for the LMN OPQRSTUVWXYZ is in fine form, and accomplishing much good. They have just snatched from the burning, as it were, "Dot Leedle Shairman Band" that made music all the day and night in the Atlantic Garden in the Bowery, mingled with the vocal strains of "Zwi bier!"

OWING to the alleged scarcity of ice for next Summer, the Mayor had better caution householders against its immoderate use this Winter. Mint-juleps, sherry-cobblers, claret-punches, iced-tea, and other ice-consuming beverages should be discouraged until next June, and hot coffee used as a substitute.

TONY PASTOR does not intend to parade on St. Patrick's Day, but will turn over to the Irish Relief Fund the money his procession would have cost. Mrs. Pastor's benefit for the fund realized nearly nine hundred dollars. Such Pastor-al examples are worthy of emulation.

IT NOW looks out that both the National Baseball Association and the League are opposed to revolvers. It is evident, therefore, that they do not intend to carry concealed weapons the coming season. This is a point we have been urging upon them for years.

CONSIDERING the numerous cases of illness among Mapleson's and Strakosch's Opera Troupes, we would kindly suggest to those managers that they carry along with them complete sets of marionette figures, to be used as substitutes for the indisposed singers.

HAT-BUILDERS are happy. It is given out that there is to be the usual parade on St. Patrick's Day, and there is likely to be a corner in silk hats, if the processionists do not take time by the forelock and provide themselves with plugs before the day comes round.

IN CUTTING DOWN the interest to such a very fine point, Congress must imagine that the people have an abundance of surplus cash lying around loose. Capitalists can make more than three-and-a half per cent. on their money by investing it in shad-roats!

THIS YEAR 4th of July comes off on Sunday. We give this timely notice in order that our readers may make their arrangements accordingly. We ought to remark that when the 4th occurs on the Sabbath-day it is the custom to postpone it until the 5th.

WE ARE TOLD that the gentlemen who bought the "privileges" at the Arion Ball are so pleased with the result of their venture that they think of starting a circus of their own.

THE SMALL BOY is already negotiating with the stone-cutter for a supply of eggs for picking purposes during the Easter holidays!

THE FLAGS seen floating from masts and housetops on Monday were intended to commemorate the birthday of George Washington, formerly of this city, now deceased.

IN CLARION TONES the dramatic profession are speaking in behalf of the poor of Ireland. In the cause of charity their hearts and purses are ever open.

THE CANADIAN weather-prophet Veddor was wrong, and we were right. This is just the weather we predicted, Veddor or not.

WANTED TO KNOW—whether the Pilgrims who came over in the Mayflower were descendants of old Progress, the original Pilgrim.

THE DARK HORSE in the Presidential race who expects to have greatness thrust upon him is patiently awaiting the thrust.

THE MISSING LINK has been discovered—the dog had got away with it—a sort of dog-eat-dog conspiracy.

THE GOOD PEOPLE of New Jersey are loud in their demand for the freedom of the press—the cider-press.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

(OBITUARIES EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.)

ALBERT, George—A retired merchant of Pittsburg, Pa., where he was well known as a leader in all philanthropic movements, and had also local celebrity as a weather prophet—Pittsburg, Pa., Feb. 20, aged 77.

BRANDRETH, Dr. Benjamin—A well-known pill-manufacturer, in which business he amassed an estate valued at from $2,000,000 to $3,000,000, and he is said to have spent a sum in twenty years' advertising. He served terms in the New York State Senate, and was one of the founders of the New York Eclectic Medical College—Sing Sing, N. Y., Feb. 19, aged 72.

BRUMIDI, Constantine—An Italian artist, who for the past quarter of a century has been the fresco-painter to the National Capitol at Washington, D. C.—there, Feb. 19, aged 75.

BONNEL, Joseph—A veteran of the War of 1812—Elizabeth, N. J., Feb. 19, aged 79.

BRETHAUER, Otto—A well-known German journalist of this city—Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 21, aged 50.

BLEVINS, Wm. H.—A well-known merchant of Newark, N. J., where he held a position in the post-office. During the administrations of Lincoln and Johnson he was Assistant Postmaster of that city—Newark, Feb. 20.

BUSH, Rev. Charles P.—Secretary of the American Board of Foreign Missions. He had delivered a lecture on "Fifty Years of Mission Work," on Thursday, Feb. 19, and in a few hours afterward complained of not feeling well, and in a very short time expired—Albany, Feb. 22.

BOWNE, Hon. Walter—A veteran of the War of 1812—Elizabeth, N. J., recently, aged 90

CATLIN, Dr. Benjamin S.—One of the oldest physicians in Connecticut, for years a member of the American Medical Association, and a former vice-president of that organization—Meriden, Ct., Feb. 17, aged 78.

CRANE, Rev. Jonathan W.—A veteran of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the Troy Conference, N. Y.—there, Feb. 16, aged 60.

CHRISTEN, Raphael—A noted sculptor of Berne, Switzerland—there, recently, aged 69.

COWDEN, Dr. John.—A prominent physician of Butler County, Pa., for half a century—Allegheny, Pa., Feb. 15, aged 63.

CURRY, James H.—One of the earliest settlers of West Alexandria, O.—there, Feb. 17, aged 65

COVINGHAM, Denis—One of the oldest and most respected citizens of Newton, N. J.—there, Feb. 20.

CASSIDY, John F.—A member of the Paid Fire Department of this city, and lost his life while in the discharge of his duty—here, Feb. 20, aged 29.

CRAFT, Dr. J. B.—A prominent physician of Pike County, Pa. He was known throughout Wayne, Pike and Monroe Counties as a leading homœopathist, and was a contributor to the medical journals—Milford, Pa., Feb. 20, aged 70.

DAWSON, Thomas—A veteran horse-trainer, and for fifty years connected with the English turf—cable-dispatch Feb 20.

DEJAZET, Eugene—Son of the famous French actress. He managed for a long time the theatre that was known by his mother's name—Cable dispatch dated Feb. 23.

DOUGHERTY, Thomas J.—A member of the Paid Fire Department of this city since its formation. For bravery exhibited at a fire three years ago, when, at the imminent risk of his own life, he went down into the sub-cellar of the burning building and rescued two persons, the Bennett Medal was awarded him on March 31, 1877. He lost his life while engaged in the discharge of his duty at a fire at Nos. 364 and 366 Broadway—here, Feb. 20, aged 35.

DAVIS, Benjamin M.—A well-known citizen of Camden, N. J., where he had resided for over fifty years—Westville, N. J., Feb. 18, aged 76.

DECKER, Jacob S.—A Deputy United States Marshal of Philadelphia, Pa., for the past ten years—there, Feb. 18.

DEWEY, Chauncey—One of the oldest and most prominent citizens of Cadiz, O.—there, Feb. 18, aged 84.

ENGLISH, A. H.—A well-known book-publisher of Pittsburg, Pa.—Allegheny, Pa., Feb. 14, aged 54.

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HARTMAN, Jacob P.—A well-known merchant of Baltimore, Md., where he had been in business since 1837—there, Feb. 16, aged 67.

HEBBNER, Captain James R.—A well-known citizen of Norristown, Pa. He served throughout the Rebellion, first in the Fourth Pennsylvania Volunteers, and afterwards in the One Hundred and Thirty-eighth Regiment—Norristown, Feb. 17, aged 39.

HUBBARD, Joshua K.—At one time a prominent lawyer of Philadelphia, Pa., and afterwards known as an inventor and a patent-agent—Harrisburg, Feb. 13, aged 63.

ISAACS, Marcus K.—A venerable and well-known citizen of Philadelphia—there, Feb. 13, aged 81.

JEYER, Rev. J. B.—A prominent Baptist minister, and one of the editors of the *Religious Herald*, Richmond, Va., Feb. 18, aged 70.

KUHYLE, Charles H.—A well-known veterinary surgeon of Philadelphia, Pa.—there, Feb. 18, aged 38.

KINNEAR, Thomas C.—For many years a leading West India merchant, and one of the wealthiest men in New Scotia—Halifax, Feb. 20.

KELLY, James C.—A well-known resident of Philadelphia, Pa.—there, Feb. 19, aged 61.

LAFERT, Dr. Alfred—A prominent resident of Mason County, Ky.—there, Feb. 17.

LENOX, James—The well-known founder of the Lenox Library, the Presbyterian Hospital, the Presbyterian Church and Home for Aged Women, and the Phillips Memorial Church at this city, and the benefactor of many worthy charities. He was the only son of a wealthy merchant, who had left him an estate, in 1848, a farm of about thirty acres on Fourth and Fifth avenues, in the neighborhood of Seventy-second street, which has increased in value from $10.00 to $16,000,000. It is on this farm, which was divided up into city lots about 1864, that the Lenox Library, the Presbyterian Hospital and the Phillips Memorial Church are situated. Mr. Lenox always lived a retired life, devoting himself to the collection of rare books and works of art. His benefactions had made him widely known, and it is mentioned that, during the last twelve years of his life, he gave more than three million dollars in charity—this city, Feb. 17, aged 80.

LAWRENCE, Dr. Wm.—Medical—A well-known physician of Ardmore, Pa.—there, Feb. 21, aged 77.

LEHMAN, Louis—A well-known citizen of Baltimore, Md., for many years Justice of the Peace for about thirty-five years—Baltimore, Feb. 21, aged 61.

LAWRENCE, Dr. Madison—At one time a prominent physician of this city. Of late years he had entirely given up his profession. He was a descendant of two of the oldest families of New York—the Lawrence and Riker families—Nyack, Feb. 18, aged 77.

MILLER, ——, Editor of *The Kenton Republican*—Kenton, O., Feb. 17.

MCROBERTS, William—One of the oldest horse-dealers in this city, and had owned many fast trotters—here, Feb. 22, aged 77.

MOORE, James E.—A well-known journalist of this city, where he practiced as a lawyer until the late war, when he joined the Sixty-ninth Regiment of New York Volunteers, and attained the rank of lieutenant-colonel. At the consolidation of hostilities he continued for some time in his profession, but subsequently relinquished it for the pursuit of literature—here, Feb. 21, aged 45.

NOLEN, Henry S.—A well-known citizen of Philadelphia, Pa., where he was engaged in the business of painting astronomical slides for magic-lanterns. He had considerable local repute as a poet—Conshohocken, Pa., Feb. 19, aged 73.

NORRIS, Rev. William Herbert—A clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church. He graduated with high honors at Yale College, and was ordained to the ministry. He built a church in Woodbury, N. J., and spent the greater part of his life there as its rector—Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 17, aged 60.

OUTCALT, Henry—One of the oldest residents of Wilmington, O., where he was for many years Coroner—Wilmington, Feb. 19.

REMINGTON, Colonel Seth P.—Collector of Customs at Ogdensburg, and editor of *The Daily Journal* of that place Ogdensburg, N. Y., Sept. 18.

REYNOLDS, Rev. Dr. Prince—A noted French engineer and architect—cable-dispatch dated Feb 17.

RUSSELL, Benjamin F.—A well-known lawyer, who had practiced his profession both in Boston, Mass., and in this city—he e, Feb. 20, aged 52.

RICE, John—A leading citizen of Philadelphia, Pa., and widely known for his philanthropic character—there, Feb. 19, aged 73.

RASIN, James M.—A well-known citizen of Baltimore, Md.—there, Feb. 20, aged 70.

STEELE, Alfred—A prominent General-ticket-agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. He entered the service of that company in 1853—Ardmore, Pa., Feb. 15.

SHIELDS, George W.—A well-known insurance-agent of Albany, N. Y., and a prominent member of the Masonic order and Grand Army of the Republic—Albany, Feb. 16.

STREETER, Rev. Russell—One of the oldest Universalist clergymen in the country. Most of his ministry were spent in Massachusetts and Maine, and at one time he was editor of the denominational paper in Boston, the predecessor of the present *Universalist*—Woodstock, Vt., Feb. 15, aged 89.

SMITH, James—Long and favorably known in mercantile circles in Philadelphia, Pa., and as one of the pioneers of the lumbering business in Lycoming County, Pa.—Philadelphia, Feb. 14, aged 71.

SPEER, Hon. Emlen—A member of the Judges of the New Jersey Court of Errors and Appeals, and a well-known member of the Bar of New Jersey many years ago. He had been in active practice, and resided in this city—here, Feb. 18, aged 80.

SHEFFER, Dr. Daniel—At one time a prominent physician of York, Pa., who had later turned his attention to politics, and served a term in the Twenty fifth Congress—York Sulphur Springs, Pa., Feb. 16, aged 97.

SMITH, Captain Wm. H.—Superintendent of the Baltimore Steam-packet Company, and a well-known man in the steamboat business—Baltimore, Md., Feb. 18, aged 65.

SEBRING, William L.—A prominent citizen of Easton, Pa., who had filled various offices, and served one term as a member of the State Legislature, and one term as an Associate judge—Easton, Feb. 19, aged 84.

SCHLATTER, John—A centenarian—West Chester, Pa., Feb. 21, aged 102.

ST. JOHN, Thomas—The last male member of a family many of whom have been prominent in the navy of their country. His father was a drummer boy in the War of 1812, and also served in the Mexican War and in the Rebellion, and had owned many fast trotters—here, Feb. 22, aged 77.

TOLBERT, John—A respected citizen of Philadelphia, Pa., where he was vice president of the West Philadelphia Bank—Philadelphia, Feb. 19, aged 73.

TRASK, Everett—A leading merchant of this city—here, Feb. 21, aged 45.

VON DOLLEN, Karl—A German dramatic writer and poet—cable-dispatch dated Feb. 17, aged 83.

WALKER, Thomas G.—A former resident of Greenfield, Ind.—there, Feb.

WARD, Samuel—A member of the City Council of Salem, N. J.—there, Feb. 18.

WILSON, George, M.D.—A well-known young lawyer of Baltimore, Md. He was educated at the University of Oxford, Eng., and was a director in the Chesapeake Bank of Baltimore—that city, Feb. 19 and 20.

WARREN, Joseph S.—A prominent resident of Lewistown, Pa., and formerly a member of the State Senate—Lewistown, Feb. 20.

WEBB, Rev. Lorin—A clergyman of the New York East Conference—Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 21.

WILLIAMS, Joseph W.—Professor of English literature in the Central High-school, Philadelphia, Pa., with which he had been connected for the past fifteen years. He at one time occupied the chair of geometry, and was the author of a text-book on algebra—Philadelphia, Feb. 21, aged 45.

WRIGHT, H. G.—One of the editors and proprietors of *The Augusta Chronicle and Constitutionalist*. He was considered one of the ablest writers on the Southern press—Jefferson County, Ga., Feb. 23, aged 29.

YOUNG, John—A member of the City Council of Chester, Pa.—there, Feb. 19, aged 63.

BASEBALL.

THE GAME IN THE SOUTH.

On another page will be found the result of the second game on Feb. 19 at Mobile, Ala., between the Lone Stars of New Orleans and Manager Bancroft's nine, and below will be found the second game, which is said to have been the most exciting contest ever played in the South. It will be noticed that the Lone Stars number six well-known professionals, and that although the latter ten innings were completed, with the score as follows:

Worcester.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	Lone Star.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Wood, l. f.	5	0	0	0	0	0	Foley, p.	5	0	0	1	2	0
Knight, r. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0	Nichols, 2b.	4	0	0	2	3	1
Ward, 3b.	4	0	0	3	1	0	Mack, s. s.	4	0	1	1	3	1
Sullivan, 1b.	4	0	0	8	0	0	Bennett, 1b.	4	1	2	14	0	0
Creamer, 2b.	4	0	0	4	3	1	Bushong, c. f.	4	0	1	2	0	0
Wright, s. s.	4	0	2	0	2	1	Brown, c.	4	0	2	4	2	0
Rielly, c.	4	0	0	12	2	0	Collins, 3b.	4	0	0	2	3	2
Keefe, p.	4	0	0	1	3	0	Keefe, l. f.	4	0	0	3	0	0
Doud, c. f.	4	0	0	1	1	0	Peltz, l. f.	3	0	0	4	0	0
Totals.	37	1	6	30	23	3	Totals.	35	1	6	30	20	6

Worcester..	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—1
Lone Star..	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0—1

Earned runs—Worcester, 1; Lone Star, 1. Two-base hits—Bennett, Foley, Wright. Struck out—Worcester, 2; Star, 11. Umpire, F. C. Bancroft. Time, 2h. 30m.

The Worcesters played off their third and last game in Mobile on Feb. 20. Only seven innings could be played on account of darkness, the Worcesters, who defeated the Lone Star opponents a century last year to victory. Keefe's pitching again proved puzzling, while Foley was bit so hard that he became demoralized, Brown capping the climax by delivering a home-run after Ward, Keefe and Doud had made three-baggers. The latter fielded finely at third base, stopping several hot grounders, and Bushong made five difficult running-catches at centre field.

Worcester.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	Lone Star.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Wood, l. f.	4	0	1	1	0	0	Foley, p.	3	0	0	1	2	0
Knight, r. f.	4	0	1	2	0	0	Nichols, 2d.	3	0	0	1	2	2
Ward, 3d b.	4	0	1	3	3	0	Mack, s. s.	3	0	0	0	2	0
Sullivan, 1b.	4	2	2	8	0	0	Bennett, 1b.	3	1	0	9	0	0
Creamer, 2d.	4	0	1	2	4	0	Bushong, c. f.	3	1	1	1	0	0
Wright, s. s.	4	0	2	4	0	0	Brown, c.	3	1	2	1	2	0
Rielly, c.....	4	0	1	5	0	0	Collins, 3d b.	3	0	0	2	3	2
Keefe, p.....	3	1	1	0	6	0	Keefe, l. f.	3	0	0	2	0	0
Doud, c. f.	3	1	1	0	0	0	Peltz, l. f.	2	0	1	0	0	0
Totals..	35	6	9	21	8	0	Totals..	25	2	4	21	10	6

Worcester..	0	0	0	0	2	1	2	0	1	—6			
Lone Stars	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	—2			

Earned runs—Worcester, 3; Star, 2. Two-base hits—Keefe, Doud, Ward. Home runs—Brown. Struck out—Worcester, 1; Star, 3. Umpire, F. C. Bancroft. Time, 1h. 50m.

The Worcesters played off their tie-game with the Wright Club at New Orleans on Feb. 22, and a telegram gives the result as 6 to 2 in favor of the Worcesters, who were to start from Mobile that night on 24 hr. flying visit, as well game in the Crescent City for the benefit of the Irish sufferers. The Wright Club of New Orleans won the champion flag in 1879, and Manager Bancroft to the club making the best record against his nine.

LATER BASEBALL NOTES.

J. C. Chapman has been mentioned as likely to fill the position of manager of the Buffalo Club.....Tom Carey, captain and manager of the Athletics of San Francisco, is now in Baltimore, Md. His address in that city is 179 W. Biddle street.....A New Orleans speculator took the Worcesters and Lone Stars to Mobile, Ala., last week, and lost heavily on the trip..... Clinton, one of the best outfielders in the country, is wanted by the Chicagos as well as by the Detroits.....Curran left Brooklyn on Feb. 20 for San Francisco, where they will play this season..... It is possible that Jim White will fill first base for the Cincinnatis during the coming season .....The Howard Club of New Orleans, formerly known as the Lone Stars, have secured Keefe and Reilly as pitcher and catcher until April 1, when these two players, in company with Foley, Bushong, Nichols and Bennett, leave for the North to join their respective clubs..... Bushong, on his return from New Orleans, will go to Providence, R. I., for a few weeks' gymnasium practice with Richmond, the famous left-handed pitcher.....Harry Wright is said to regard Lynch of the Nationals of Washington as the coming pitcher.....Salisbury the pitcher has retired from playing.....John Clapp is training in a gymnasium for the coming season preparatory to playing with Albany, Binghamton.....Galvin and Dolan are mentioned as the pitcher and catcher of Carey's San Francisco nine..... A English, a well-known book-publisher of Pittsburg, Pa.—Allegheny, Pa., Feb. 14, aged 54.

ERVINE, E.—One of the oldest, wealthiest and most prominent residents of Luc aJO.—there, Feb. 20.

FESSENBECK, Louis—Ex-county Commissioner and an old and prominent resident of Shelbyville, Ind.—there, Feb. 16.

FORBES, Col. John—One of the most esteemed citizens of Nacogdoches, Texas. He was one of the aids of General Houston at the Battle of San Jacinto—Nacogdoches, Feb. 11, aged 84.

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ISAACS, Marcus K.—A venerable and well-known citizen of Philadelphia—there, Feb. 13, aged 81.

THE KOKOMO (IND.) ARCHERS have been expelled from the National Association for refusing to pay an assessment of 38 per cent. on $300, which they subscribed to carry out the tournament at Chicago, Ill., last August. Other Archers came forward and paid the amount standing against the Kokomo Club. The Wabash Merry Boys of Crawfordsville are now practically the only club in Indiana.

A MAIN said to be for $1,000 and $200 on each battle was fought at a place on the road between Albany and West Troy Thursday afternoon, Feb. 19, between birds owned by parties in West Troy and Mechanicsville. Eight battles were fought, Mechanicsville winning five and West Troy three. A high-toned assemblage of Senators and Assemblymen, lawyers, merchants and politicians witnessed the sport. Another match is talked of.

ATHLETICS.

THE ENGLISH CHAMPIONSHIP.

Brown Beats Weston's Record.

The third competition for the six-day championship of England and Astley belt, together with a sweepstakes of $300 each, contestants to make the best of their way on foot for 142 hours, commenced at Agricultural Hall, London, at 1 A. M. on Monday, Feb. 16, and was concluded on the night of the 21st. The competitors were Henry, alias "Blower," Brown, George Hazael and Samuel Day, and the very meagre accounts of the contest which have been cabled inform us that the first-named won by seventy-three miles, and succeeded in eclipsing Weston's great performance of 550 miles, to which he added three. Remembering the sorry exhibitions made by Brown while in New York last Summer, many will doubtless feel disposed to question the correctness of the record; but it must be borne in mind that his associations while here were entirely different, his visit was a sort of "hurrah" trip, and he was not properly prepared for the engagements he undertook to fill; while in London he was brought down to hard pan, had to do as he was told, and as a consequence must have appeared at the start in fine fettle. If we are to believe the reiterated statements per cable that at least one bet of $2,500 to $500 was made on the first day that he would beat Weston's record, there can be no doubt as to the excellence of his condition. It must be remembered, too, that in the second race for the same trophy, April 21 to 26, 15 9, Brown won with a score of 542¼ miled, finishing over fifty miles ahead of the second man, his exact time being 140h. 20m. Hazael was second man on that occasion, when he did better by about a dozen miles than last week, though he then fell two miles behind his performance in the Astley-belt race in New York last September. Day, who was a badly-beaten contestant in the original contest for the Astley belt, and has since then gain ed a reputation which was thought sufficient to justify his backers in putting him into such excellent company, signally failed to equal expectations, being almost one hundred miles behind at the close. Brown seemed to have led almost from the start, as at midnight on the first day he was twenty-nine miles ahead of Day, having scored 124 miles, while Hazael was last, with 93 miles. Blower stuck to the track, while his opponents rested often. This was about nine miles behind Hazael's record in the race in April last. At 1 P. M. Feb. 18, or sixty hours from the start, Brown had 270 miles (and probably one or more laps which were not cabled), against 270¼ miles made by him last June, he having about caught up to the previous best on-record. Hazael had then gone 237 miles, and was leading Day by thirty-seven miles. Blower's record for every hour of this description. Financially the affair was more successful even than had been anticipated, the attendance daily being large, and on last day immense; so that the contestants will have a rich reward for their labors. and Manager Engelhardt may well be satisfied with the result.

THE BOSTON TRAMP.

Captain Halleck's seventy-hour go-as-you-please race, contest

AMUSEMENTS IN CHICAGO, ILL., up to Feb. 21, are thus reported by our correspondent: "At McVicker's Theatre, the manager has kept his word. No finer scenery, of its kind, has been seen in this city than that prepared for 'The Danites.' Everything is new, and the scenes of the three exteriors are as exquisite pieces of work as oil-paintings. Of the new people in the cast considerable curiosity had been excited as to W. E. Sheridan's performance of the Parson, particularly as the former representative, Louis Aldrich, was playing 'My Partner' at Haverly's. Mr. Sheridan's Parson, while it differed from its former impersonator's conception, was strikingly original, and a strong and effective piece of melodramatic work. Miss Cora Tanner gave a sweet and pleasing portrait of the Widow. Miss Isabel Waldron made Captain Tommy more effectively prominent than it had been. The rest of the cast was satisfactory. 'The Danites' will be continued a second week, to be followed March 1 by 'The Strategists.'.....Daniel Bandmann failed to appear at McVicker's last Sunday night, 15, under Hoechster's management, on account of an accident which befell him, as reported elsewhere.—Ed. CLIPPER.].....At Haverly's, large assemblies continued during the second week of 'My Partner.' Not for some time has a play taken so firm a grip on the affections of its auditors. The 'My Partner' Combination goes to St. Louis. Gran's French-opera Troupe return 23, and they play at lower rates than before.....At Hamlin's, our Boarding-house has attracted goodly-sized audiences. Harry Little (or Leonard Grover Jr., as he now advertises himself), who appeared in his old role of Prof. Gillipod, labored under the disadvantage of having the broken limb which he was forced to carry in a sling. T. J. Wildman as Fioretti, W. J. Coggswell as Matthew Eligible, J. W. Fox as Dr. Shouter, J. R. Moynihan as Jack Hardy, Mrs. J. W. Fox as Mrs. Colville, Mi-s Clara Wildman as Miss Colville, and Little Gracie Fox as Florence were newly added to the company here. Mr. J. T. Wildman has been made permanent stage-manager at this house. The Alvin Ward Tiffany Combination open 23 in 'The Child-stealer.' Grover's 'Boarding-house' company go to New York. 'The Pirates of Penzance' follow Gran's Opera Company at Haverly's March 1.....Manager Hooley will continue interested in Hooley's Theatre, Mr. Simon Quinlin being associated with him in the management, as before. The Criterion Comedy Company open 23. The Dickie Lingard Company do not appear here again until 29.....At the Lyceum the entire receipts of the performance of 20 were given for the benefit of the poor in Ireland. Mlle. Morlacchi appears in 'The Wept of Wish-ton-Wish' 23.....Dan Morris Sullivan and wife, Josie Morris, are in town. They appear at the Halsted Opera-house in their 'Mirror of Ireland' 23.....At the National, Ben Cotton and Little Idaline have appeared in 'Just His Luck,' with E. T. Goodrich, the past week. Beginning 23: Chas. A. Gardner in 'Pearl' and Fanny Wood in 'The Little Rebel.'.....The Boston Theatre Company play 'Two Mothers' at McVicker's soon.

.....H. M. Markham has given up Mueller's Hall.

.....Colville's Company comes to Hooley's soon.

.....Benevolent Women' is to be played by Hoechster's German Company at McVicker's 22.....The Ben Cotton Combination, as now organized, comprises Ben, Nellie and Little Idaline Cotton, Miss Mary J. Leece, E. C. Ellis, J. K. Moynihan, Charles Ray and Mr. and Mrs. Jos. F. Mansing, the manager. They open in Aurora, Ill., 26, Elgin, Ottawa, Peoria and Bloomington to follow.....The Sullivan Mirror of Ireland Company will give ten per cent. of the gross receipts during the week at the Halsted street Opera-house for the benefit of the poor of Ireland.....Sothern comes to McVicker's in April, on his way from San Francisco.....Maggie Mitchell, Alice Oates, and the 'Hearts of Oak' Combination successively follow the Criterion Company at Hooley's.....Tony Denier arrived 19, looking extremely well, and expects to leave 28.....The Criterion Company produce Will D. Eaton's new comedy 'A Triple Courtship,' for the first time here 24, and the management announce an entire new stage outfit for it.....Paul F. Nicholson began an attachment suit, which was suppressed for service, in the Circuit Court against Arthur Rankin, the bankrupt, who claims $583.78 as a balance due for services rendered as business-manager or agent of Rankin in 1875, under a contract made Sept 10 of that year. This amount is said to also include certain cash advances.....It is reported that Manager McVicker has purchased Chicago rights to Oliver Doud Byron's and 'An Arabian Night' from Augustin Daly."

IN CLEVELAND, O., Collier's "Banker's Daughter" Combination occupied the Euclid avenue Opera-house the past week. Our correspondent says: "The piece was handsomely mounted, and the company contains some very good artists, with the exception of Miss Neilson, who, while she was forced to carry a sling. T. J. Wildman as Fioretti, W. J. Coggswell as Matthew Eligible. J. W. Fox as Dr. Shouter.

GRETCHEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, AND DEDICATED TO ANNIE M. CURTIS, BY FANE MARTIN.

Morn's banner of mist hung over the shield,
Sweeping low and white, from the morn's gray shore;
While the broad, bronzed breast of the ripened field
Held up to the reaper its golden store;

And the clouds, that all night in the east had slept,
Turned each to the westward his purple prow,
And morning's golden sandals swept
Night's gift of pearls from the lily's brow.

Out to the harvest the reapers went,
With sharpened cradle and busy rake,
While, lone and timid, Gretchen bent
To gather the grain in their rustling wake.

And they toiled till the noonday's arrowy heat
Quivered down red, fierce as the fierce simoon,
Transpired, with its myriad blazing feet,
The fragrant breath of the clover blooms.

And when the sun's swift chariot wheeled,
In its burning track, o'er the emerald wood,
At the forest stream, beside the field,
Said the youth that close by Gretchen stood:

"When I first the sickle began to wield
'Twas in other lands, where rich harvests bow;
I have reaped anee there in many a field,
Yet found no gleaner as fair as thou.

The silver steps of the morning mist,
As they strike in pearls over land and sea,
Are not sorter, I ween, than those lips, love-kiss'd—
Withheld not their sweetness, then, from me."

Then up to modest Gretchen's cheek
Swept the crimson flush of her startled pride—
"What words are the idle words you speak?
They have flattered a score of maids besides!"

Then he whispered, as men are wont to woo,
With earnest look and persuasive word;
And she, as maidens will often do,
Believed the tempting tale she heard:

How he never, never had known before
That manhood's love that was pure and strong;
That his heart had learned lighter tunes of yore,
But never this deep and solemn song.

As the floods, with noiseless march and slow,
With purple pennons went down the west,
And the sunset tide, with amber glow,
Beat up broad waves on each coral crest,

The light of love's new life arose
In a glorious dawn in Gretchen's heart,
Like that which over the threshold flows
When they leave the beautiful gates apart.

Said the reaper bold: "The sheaves I bind
Are precious kisses I take from thee."
Said Gretchen: "The dearest spears I find
The sweet caresses thou givest to me."

Said the reaper: "Gretchen, for thy fair sake
My labors henceforth in this land shall be."
Said Gretchen: "Thy love would the desert make
An Eden of endless bloom to me;

"If there should be other fields for thee,
And dearer loves 'neath the future's sun,
The sickle I gave down for me,
And Gretchen's life on earth be done."

Then o'er her heart swept a shade of years,
A loosing off through the dark To Be,
Where the night was cold with icy tears,
And sad as the moaning of the sobbing sea.

But the reaper vowed, as lovers will,
While the stars looked down and the soft dews wept,
And the willows sighed with a warning thrill
Of vows oft broken and trysts unkept.

Morn's banner of mist hung over her shield,
Sweeping low and white from the dawn's gray shore,
While the broad, bronzed breast of the ripened field
Held up to the reaper its golden store;

And the clouds that all night in the east had slept
Turned each to the westward his purple prow,
And morning's golden sandals swept
Night's gift of pearls from the lily's brow.

Morn's banner of mist hangs over her shield
Like that the last year's harvest bore,
But the reaper chose another field,
And beautiful Gretchen gleans no more

A CLOWN'S LOG.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF THE LATE JOSEPH BLACKBURN,

Chronicling Incidents of Travel with Circuses in the United States and England Forty Years Ago, with his Opinions of and Allusions to Professionals of the Period.

BY CHARLES H. DAY,
Author of "Show Life," "Fun in Black," etc.

CONCLUDED.

TUESDAY, 24.—Eight P. M., went to the Haymarket Theatre; saw three pieces, an olio by Messrs. Seguin, Frazer and others, also some very good singing by Webster, Buckstone, Keely, Mrs. Waylett and Mrs. Honey, finishing with "New Notions," in which my old friend Yankee Hill appeared and caused much laughter. THURSDAY, 26.—Received a letter from Ryan giving us our terms. After dinner wrote a long letter to Ducrow, giving a full explanation of Broadfoot's conduct. FRIDAY, 27.—In the afternoon Levi had an interview with Ducrow, who was sorry that any misunderstanding had happened, and said his house was always open to us for any time and for any length of time. SATURDAY, 28.—Went to the Italian Opera with Ducrow, drank champagne, ate ice-cream, and ogled the ladies through a double-barreled opyglass. TUESDAY, 31.—On arriving at the theatre was told by Deal Burke, the name is one of to Yorkshire, to join Ryan's company. Passed down "Old Father Thames," as they call it, but it is not much larger than a good-sized creek in America. Passage to Hull was to be ten shillings, but they generally manage to make it up to double by their genteel way of robbery. For instance, dinner, 2s. 6d.; bed, 2s. 6d.; steward's fee, 1s. 6d.: supper, bread and butter and bad tea, 2s.; breakfast, worse coffee and bread, 2s. This is not highway robbery, but piracy in a small way. Got to bed at eleven P. M.—that is, if you could call it bed—only by paying five; managed to lay in it edgeways for the night." On Monday, Aug. 1, they arrived at Hull, where they saw old Cooke and James Cooke, who were building a circus."

Further details of their journey are uninteresting to the general reader until he chronicles their arrival at Leeds.

"So here I am at my birthplace; passed up Kirkgate; saw the sign of the Golden Cock, next door to which I was born. What a change! twenty-five years ago I was running over this ground in petticoats, now I am strutting over it with high-heeled boots and a pearl-headed cane. * * * Arrived at Halifax at seven P. M.; after supper went to the circus and reported to Mr. Ryan's treasurer, a Mr. ——sel man, who squints, but appears to be clever; witnessed the performances, which were good and of quite a variety, a Mr. Powell being the best rider—tolerable. Finished with a pantomime in which the celebrated Dick Vivian played principal boy. good. FRIDAY, 3.—Levi practiced vaulting; did thirty-four —rather astonished them, being the most they had ever seen. SATURDAY, 4.—Levi practiced; did thirty-seven, which astonished them still more." On Monday, 6, Blackburn and Levi made their first appearance in Ryan's company, and the historian writes: "Levi did thirty-six; had a fine horse, and he received great applause."

This ends Log No. 6. Log No. 7 begins:

"WEDNESDAY, Aug. 11.—Had a good house, the parson of the parish and family being a big part of the audience. One thing I forgot to mention, which I have noticed in all companies—the box-officers and doorkeepers of Mr. Ryan's establishment are women, composed of the manager's wife and the wives of the principal performers; nearly all the performers are married; there are no less than fifty-two children living belonging to members of this company. It is invariably the same with theatricals and equestrians; each will have a wife to support on small salaries, which generally vary from one to two pounds per week. FRIDAY, 10.—Old Dick Usher's benefit, very full house; pleased with one of his gags —being drawn in a carriage by four real cats—it was very funny. MONDAY, 13.—David, the colored man referred to as living at Cony's in London, was now keeping house for Blanchard and North.) Negroes are a great curiosity in Yorkshire. Our boy David went out to see a party of gipsies out of town, on his arrival at the encampment other persons with the same view turned to looking at him, he being the greater curiosity, which so annoyed him that he shortly bent his steps homeward, the whole crowd following, many of whom took him to be North, the great American vaulter, as most of the people here think all Americans are by the black. At this time Mr. Ryan did a new scene on three horses, called 'The Woodcutter,' which was truly wonderful. WEDNESDAY, 18.—Arranged with Ryan to remain six months. Night at circus a beautiful entry one, called 'The Captive Bride.' FRIDAY, 19.—Two letters from America, one from Sam Phillips and one from Charley Rogers. Read them over two or three times before the performance. SUNDAY, 19.—David learning to sing 'Jim Crow,' to sing at Rivers' benefit, Thursday next. He is announced as the *real American (niggers are getting ripe)*. See by London and Leeds papers that my friend 'John Rieley of Cincinnati has had twenty-four chickens hatched by one hen.' This is a long way for such news to come—nearly four thousand miles. WEDNESDAY, 22d.—Rivers parading the streets with a large stone he is to break on his breast to-night for his benefit. What gags! And the people stand it. Measured for a suit of clothes; did not like button-holes with a crown on them—would be done for did *forty;* received six rounds at applause; the big stone got missed; Dave's Jim Crow was a perfect failure. THURSDAY, 23.—Made our bill for North's benefit; put him in vaulting with clors; received a letter from Ben Shelby, which I answered. Also the arrival of Van Amburgh in London, also that Price had done forty in practice and thirty-nine in public. THURSDAY, 23.—Heavy thunderstorm, of course, being our benefit; had 2,000 people inside and Indian act, which pleased well; also did twenty somersaults in clogs, and thirty-six without; I played clown to his acts with great success."

One friend's next journey was a flying trip by coach and rail to Liverpool, where it is recorded they "called on Jim Ward the boxer, also Phil Sampson, noted in the prize-ring." The next day they "called on Langham the boxer, who fought Spring." Log No. 8 commences: "Monday, Sept. 8.—Went to Jim Ward's; saw *Bell's Life*, and found that Price had challenged North to vault for £100." They rejoined Ryan's company at Ashton in time for the night's performance. "TUESDAY, 4.—Answered Price's challenge. THURSDAY, 6.—Little Dick Rivers (a), practicing, put his elbow out. THURSDAY, 11.—Received lots of news from America; letters from Sam Phillips, John Gossin and Alex. Downie; also received a Baltimore paper with one of my letters published. I little thought that the climate of England would make me a literary man. WEDNESDAY, 12.—A small package arrived; supposed to be a large circus-bill and some papers sent by Alex. Downie; did not take it in; postage too high—only £3 3s. 2d., about $15. North, vaulting, did forty-six; this is the fourth time he has done this number, twice in America and twice in England. THURSDAY, 13.—A very full house on account of being patronised by the Earl of Stamford; got the bigwogs to come in this country, and you are sure of a big house, Fairly. 14.—Received letter from Ben Stickney; says Price is backing out. Charley Rivers did two somersaults first time. TUESDAY, 18.—Levi received letter from Price, saying that he could not stick to his last Sunday's challenge in *Bell's Life*. Hoping Levi would not notice it, I answered it, but did not answer his letter. MONDAY, 24.—Went to Duckenfield Wakes, which is their annual feast—a fair on a small scale. There were two shows. Visited the theatre, which had over the front 'Williamson's Pantomimic and Dramatic Theatre;' paid one penny apiece, and was ushered into this temple of the Muses. We saw a tragedy in two acts—only three persons to play it—comic song and a pantomime, all finished in ten minutes. We were shown out the back door, and fun commenced again outside. Clown told a story, the heavy-tragedy man was beating the bass-drum, while Lady Macbeth was dancing a straight four with three others; close beside the theatre was another exhibition of less pretensions—it was the painting of some *murder*, as natural as life. All to be seen for one halfpenny. They also had their outside parade, an old woman showed some tricks of sleight-of-hand such as the egg-bag, and a little boy sang 'All 'Round My Hat,' accompanied by an old man on the pandean-pipes and brss-drum. TUESDAY, 2.—Played under the patronage of Lord Wilton, *who did not come;* good house. WEDNESDAY, 3.—Parrish's company of theatricals arrived. THURSDAY, 4.—The actors erecting their booth next to our circus. FRIDAY, 5.—The actors playing for threepence only for admission; had about £1 in; played "Dumb Man of Manchester" and "Sudden Thoughts;" playing better than any concern of the kind I have yet seen; the establishment, inside and out, very neat, and larger than Richardson's famous booth. SATURDAY, 6.—Saw a funny dance at the theatre by two persons dressed as soldiers in front and sailors behind, with masks on the back of their heads. After dancing a while as soldiers, they turned and finished with a horn-pipe. This had a good effect. MONDAY, 22.—North did *forty-six*, the most he has ever done before an audience.

TUESDAY, 23.—During performance we were astonished by the appearance of Price the vaulter, accompanied by Hughes the rider, in front; Levi and myself met them after the performance at the Ashton, and spent an agreeable evening. WEDNESDAY, 24.—At eleven A. M. met Price and he said he had come to make the match; Levi told him that all he had to do was to back up his money; this he would not accede to without making new arrangements; Levi said he could have nothing to do with him except in my way and agreed on in *Bell's Life*. Price backed entirely out of all he had stated through that paper, and Levi left him; he got very wrathy after Levi left, saying that he had not backed out, and that he could beat any d——d Yankee that could ever come over the Atlantic. I told him that I intended to bring two or three little boys next Summer from America that would leave him far behind. Wasn't he mad? Threatened to pull my long nose, but that was after I left. He cleared out about three P. M., disgusted with himself and everyone else. SUNDAY, 4.—Dropped in at the Commercial—*fat* landlord, *fat* brother, *fat* mother, *fat* sister, two uncomfortably *fat* dogs, and a *fat* cat; took two glasses of ale and *lean*-ed for home. At three P. M. bade farewell to the good town of Ashton, and took passage for Manchester; put up at the Concert Tavern, next door to the Queen's Theatre, kept by one Thompson—a clever fellow, and keeps a good house. The evening was spent very comfortably in Thompson's parlor; among the company was Tom Oliver, a man of much notoriety in the prize-ring—a fine-looking old chap, with whiskers silver-white.

They took coach for Bradford the next morning, where they opened "to a crowded house." Thursday, 8, he jumped on the Leeds coach and visited that city. A fair was going on, and Wombwell's Menagerie was on exhibition. Of the latter he writes:

"Went into Wombwell's wild-beast show; a very good collection, but I have seen better; they are not what Englishmen represent them to be in America. The elephant-wagon is the greatest curiosity, containing the inmates of a comfortable-sized one, and two small ones. The wagon is twenty-two feet long, ten feet wide, and eighteen in height; runs on six wheels, each seventeen inches wide; all the cages were large, the band good, but the keepers were the worst lot of fellows I ever seen attached to any exhibition. The admission was one shilling. Went into another smaller exhibition of animals for one penny. It had about eight cages. MONDAY, 12.—Arrived in Sheffield."

The next day's residence to be recorded is his "Uncle John—fine old man of sixty-seven, in knee-breeches and gaiters; much pleased to see me; *drinks gin and keeps cows.*" Mr. Blackburn seems to have taken a vacation, for on the 4th he "took a coach to Leeds; in the evening visited the theatre, next door to the Elephant and Castle; saw 'The Merchant of Venice,' Mr. Creswick as Shylock tolerable." MONDAY, 19.—He reappeared with Ryan. "SATURDAY, Dec. 1.—Batty, the manager, in front; Levi gave him forty-four seconds to walk round for the performance; he looks a good deal like my old manager Ben Brown, but does not possess half so much good sense, having too much low blackguardism in his composition. SUNDAY, 2.—Goose for dinner; just as we had commenced operating on it, who should drop in but our old friends Cony and Blanchard, who had come from Wakefield, where they open to-morrow. SATURDAY, 8.—Shows of all descriptions begin to flock into town. Batty's wild-beast show commenced operations by the side of ours. SUNDAY, 9.—Took a gig and drove out to Wakefield to see Cony and Blanchard; spent a very pleasant day with them; left for home at four P. M.; had not got more than six miles on our journey before we struck a pile of stones; drove and got upset in the ditch. Levi standing on his head in the mud, I walking on my hands in the road, surrounded by yokels. TUESDAY, 11.—Got letter from Cooke at Nottingham in relation to a letter published in Baltimore concerning him; answered it." On Saturday, 15, is "thin business on account of the opposition of Wombwell's Show."

"DEC. 17.—The following list of Wombwell's Show was given me by Sam Berry: George Wombwell, proprietor; eleven carriages, each drawn by one carriage or house for family, one stage or platform wagon, one band wagon, forty-four horses, thirty men, one hundred and eighty animals. Large carriage containing three elephants weighing upwards of seventy tons; monstache, a dear by twelve tons. MONDAY, 20.—North's benefit; rode six horses for the first time, well; vaulting thirty-seven, and in clogs eighteen, all to a d——d bad house of £19."

Blackburn again visits Leeds, and mentions particularly the nice children of a relation looking at his door on a Christmas morning, and singing:

"I wish you merry Christmas, happy New-Year,
Pockets full of money, belly full of beer."

He rejoined North on the 26th, and reappeared.

"THURSDAY, 27.—Went with Dick Rivers as far as Savinge-bank, where he deposited £20—a wonderful thing for an actor to do. SATURDAY, 29.—Only tolerable business at night, this being only an experimental night, Ryan never being in the habit of performing on Saturday night before in this place. People here prefer drinking, etc., on this night. MONDAY, 31.—*Randal treated me the first time—make a long chalk.*

"TUESDAY, 15.—North received a Glengary cap from Batty. SATURDAY, 26.—Dinner given to part of the company at Greggs'; Hammer Lane, champion of the light-weights, was there—a very civil young man, twenty-two years of age; has won eighteen fights. THURSDAY, 31.—Received letter from Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte; good house; the Prince a good-looking young man of about thirty, with monstache: North did thirty-nine, the Prince applauding greatly both his vaulting and riding. FRIDAY, Feb. 1.—North met with a tragedy. In the morning his body was found, at six the news of the murder was known in every precinct in the city, at nine Detectives Crosby and Morse had been detailed to work up the case, and before six o'clock of that same day the murderer was in custody locked up, while the officers held in their possession the most conclusive proofs of the prisoner's guilt.

Everybody who professed to know anything of New York life knew Dan Dorchester. He was the last representative of an old and honorable family. Not yet thirty, he had made himself more conspicuous in social circles than any of his ancestors had succeeded in doing in a lifetime. He was rich, and reputed to be much richer than he really was. He had inherited a handsome property, had squandered the greater portion of it, and lived in a style that five, and in love a hundred times. If he drank too much brandy, or lavished too much money on women of doubtful reputation, or spent too many nights at the gambling-table, all these vices seemed rather to increase than diminish his popularity. A handsome, open-handed, warm-hearted, good fellow—that was the verdict which the world had passed upon Dan Dorchester.

The detectives, the moment the case was put into their hands, looked about to find out what was the question which is oftenest the key to the unlocking of mysterious crime—"Whom did this murder benefit?" Dan Dorchester was the last man in the world whose life would have been taken through enmity. There were no mysterious antecedents nor hidden skeletons threatening to drag him down. The police, who were more than tolerably familiar with his manner of life, were ready to swear to this. Dan Dorchester had plainly been assassinated for money. When last seen alive, laughing, he had passed out of the Cafe Brunswick, he wore a solitaire diamond stud of remarkable brilliancy, a heavy gold watch and chain, to which was attached a locket, set with diamonds, and a massive gold vest-buttons. Since he lived by gambling in Paris. She spoke German as fluently as French, and French as perfectly as English. She played divinely on the piano. She painted in water-colors. She was a better horsewoman than one American in ten thousand. She had reached the perfection of her womanly charms, and told her age—twenty-five—with delicious frankness. She had had numerous love-encounters, but nothing of a very serious nature. She had been in New York only six months, and the more like a stranger in a strange land she could be she had ever done before. Still she was proud of being an American, and, next to Paris, thought New York the most delightful city in the world.

All this knowledge of the beautiful Marian was gleaned by the detectives in a single hour's first meeting with her. He found, furthermore, that Col. Wilmot Flanders had been so long abroad that he was much more of a cosmopolitan than a New-Yorker. Sixty years old, with a full, round face, an iron-gray moustache, a clear gray eye, closely cropped hair, the Colonel's bearing seemed to give him a right to his title. He was excessively polite, and thoroughly impregnated with the ideas and prejudices of the Continent. By the terms of his brother-in-law's will, his guardianship of Marian did not terminate when that young lady came of age. He was strictly enjoined to act as Marian's father, while a marriage without his consent would deprive the girl of her entire fortune. The Colonel's consent to the funds of his ward was not all that was necessary to the settlement of the property. He was also reasonably rich in his own name, and, his wife having died without bearing him children, he intended to bequeath his entire fortune to Marian.

Dan Dorchester had never known what a mighty passion meant until he loved Miss Dayton. That love was instantaneous, absorbing and intense. His unfortunate experience with one wife had, he believed, taught him all the yearnings for domestic felicity. The woman he had honored with his hand had dishonored his name, and driven him to the extremity of divorce. He had breathed a great sigh of relief when well rid of her. He had sworn solemnly never to wed again. One look at Miss Dayton made him laugh at that vow. This woman was his destiny. She should be his wife, or he would cease to live.

For a month Dan Dorchester lived in a kind of ecstasy which he could not analyze, and did not care to. Marian loved him. He was convinced of that, and that was enough. He had few opportunities of seeing her alone, for the prim Miss Webb felt it her duty to sit in the room whenever he called. But even the chilling presence could not shut out the warm glances of Marian's eyes, nor the tell-tale blush on her cheek. Six weeks from their first meeting, Dorchester declared his love, and asked Marian to become his wife. That was on one of the rare and blessed occasions when Miss Webb was absent. She heard him with downcast eyes and quickened breath, and when he had finished she held out her hands with infinite grace, and, while her full bosom rose and fell tumultuously, she said:

"I love you, Dan. Ask papa!"

That very night, for his love made him hotly impatient, Dorchester held an interview with Col. Flanders, and asked him with simple directness for the hand of his niece. The Colonel heard this proposition with undisguised astonishment.

"Really, my dear fellow, this thing had never entered my mind. I looked upon you as my friend, rather than Marian's. We have both seen something of life, you know—both had our little experiences in the world, and I supposed, I—I—I—I supposed, had outgrown the sentimental age. You know, a man who has separated from his wife subjects himself to a good deal of comment when he marries again. And, what is worse, he subjects the woman of his choice to more comment still. You are quite sure, my dear fellow, that this temporary passion, which you mistake for love, will not best be left to cool itself?"

But Dan Dorchester was not a man to be put off in this way. He urged his case, not only with the Colonel, but with Miss Webb, and the combined pressure of the two lovers at last won the day. Colonel Flanders informed himself thoroughly of Dorchester's past life, of his antecedents, his character, and his fortune. He found that, quite plainly that as the husband of Marian he must break off certain connections and give up certain habits. The girl was too rare a gem to be hidden in any unworthy setting. Her parents had hoped that she would marry a nobleman. Her own stubbornness which had prevented a match with the Comte de Brevan three years before, in Paris. Still, as Dorchester was of good family, and could hold a high social position in New York society, even though his fortune was much less than Marian's, the sensible Colonel consented to the union.

With his strong Continental prejudices, Col. Flanders considered it a part of the sacred trust confided to him to make the preliminary arrangements touching the money settlement. He conveyed the satisfactory news to Marian in a Russia-leather portmonnaie stuffed with bills, a gold watch, chain and locket, a diamond stud and a seal-ring. As he turned to leave, the polite Col. Flanders produced paper and pen, and said:

"We must have a document in writing. You know what we know. You take these valuables as the price of a service. If you ever give the slightest hint of how you received them, the police will have all the evidence they need to convict you of theft. Therefore, to avoid any disagreeable contingency, I—I—I—I must ask you to write me a receipt."

"Do you," said he, "have nothin' till say phatever till ye get yer orthers. Just agree wuth uvery mon that talks till ye, an' ye'll make no mistakes."

"So," sees I, "Christy, it wud be a fortyun to me av I had your wut, so it wud," sez I.

"Oh, av ye takes my adveese, I'll make a mon av ye yet," sez he.

So I fell in with Corkey Preeze, an' we stharted out till "work the town," as he called it, an' we worked it so diligently that, be meanol, I ror oxthered till the hotel, an' I never rus till dinner-time an Winsday, an', be heavens, me throat wor as dhry as a lime-burner's wig; bud till cut a long story short, I never got out av the hotel at all till I wor waked up be Christy till get ready for the road, an' it wor nigh hand mornin' phin I got home. I wor a little jubious about goin' in, bud I knocked at the dure, an' Wuliam Tammas let me in; bud av I didn't catch it in the mornin', nuver mind. She kem up till the bedside, an' sez she: "Thon wor a fine lie ye towid me, me flower, about Rosey havin' twuns; and phere hev you been since?" an' sez she: "Phere did you get thon handkerchief wuth 'Maud' on the corner? Maud, indeed! an' lnk at the stockins ye hev on ye."

I did luk, an', sure enough, I had long stockins on.

"I think," sez I, "that some av the lads hev been takin' a rise out av me."

"Oh, ay: that's likely," sez she. "Phere dix thon lady live?"

"Wuch wan?" sez I.

"Maud," sez she. "Whuch wan, indeed? How many av thim have ye? Oh, my, my! isn't this disgraseful for a mon av your years till be carryin' on lek this?"

Well, boys, she wrought herself up till that degree that I had till fly for my life, an' av I knew the mon that done thon job, it wud not be gude for him.

CLIPPER SONGS:

"OF THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE, AND FOR THE PEOPLE."

"Our Baby."

DEDICATED TO HARRY KENNELL, BY EUGENE L. RAYMOND.

Who is it sits between us
At the table every day?
Who is it cries and makes a fuss
If he can't have his say?
Who rules supreme from his high chair,
And tells us what to do,
And wonders why you scold him it
He asks for things a few?
Our Baby.

Who is it sleeps so sweetly
While we watch with tender care,
And wonder if there ever was
Another one so fair?
Who wakes us up at midnight
With most unearthly yells,
Which make you give yourself "back talk"
While he his solo swells?
Our Baby.

Who is it laughs with new-found joys,
No matter how you feel?
Who is it loses and growls at you
While playing with his heel?
Who smears molasses on his head,
His hands and dresses, too?
No matter how you pick him up
He'll stick to you like glue.
Our Baby.

(ENCORE—TWENTY YEARS LATER.)
Who is it comes into the house
At every hour of night,
And causes loud ye mons upstairs,
Although the light burns bright?
Who is it gets up every day
Just as the clock strikes noon,
And comes downstairs with eyes half shut
And head like a balloon?
Our Baby.

Who is it flirts with all the girls,
And takes them out to walk?
Who is it breaks their little hearts
With his sweet, winning talk?
Who is it borrows jewelry
From every girl he knows,
Wherewith to raise the money
For his new Spring suits or clothes?
Our Baby.

Who puts a damper on the scene
So full of blissful joys?
Who is it shrieks at break of day,
The neighborhood annoys?
The people from their windows look,
His cry is now a roar:
Who is that little stranger
In the basket "at the door?"
His ——

The Little Maid for Me.

I have watched a little maiden
Trip across the meadow green,
Pore the while all his splendor
Shone upon the forest sheen:
I have watched her in the evening,
When everything was still,
And the sun was slowly sinking,
Sinking down o'er yonder hill.

Oh! what a merry maiden
Is that little girl of mine!
Always laughing, ever coaxing,
Her eyes like diamonds shine.
Always welcome is the poorest
And humblest cottage door—
Joyfully she'll share with them
From out her humble store.

Now, there's nothing artificial
About this little dame of Nature;
Merry is her ringing laugh,
And a perfect form and feature;
Others may of their riches boast
And their high pedigree;
But this merry little maiden
Is the little maid for me.

Hartford, 1880. YENRAB.

"Little Corinne."

An ardent admirer of Little Corinne in St. John, N. B., hearing she had been flirting with the pianist of the Little Corinne, sent her the following, which shows how deeply lacerated his sensitive feelings have been by her heartless perfidy:

You remember you promised to love me,
And vowed that you'd ever be true;
But I hear you've been flirting with Freddie—
I ne'er could have thought it of you.

You know you're *in-corinne* displeasure,
Though perhaps it is only to tease—
It annoys me, Corinne, beyond measure;
Now, stop it at once, "Sweetie," please!

You won't? Then farewell forever;
This moment, thou false one, we part.
Adieu! I will try to endeavor
To heal the deep wound in my heart.

I know not what use 'tis in living,
If a rival my darling can win;
So I'll drink a bad-corpse of cold prizen,
And die for my "Sweetie" Corinne.

I am all "broken up" and forsaken,
And can never survive the sad blow.
Since Fred to your heart you have taken,
Naught remains in this world for poor JOE.

St. John, N. B., Feb. 3, 1880.

THE DORCHESTER AFFAIR.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY NICHOLAS NILES.

I.

Early on the morning of November 23, Policeman John Holcomb of the Seventy-seventh Precinct reported to the sergeant in charge of the station-house that he had discovered the dead body of a man in Twenty-eighth street, a few steps east of Broadway.

Half an hour later—that is, by six o'clock—this body was lying in the station-house, while the news of its discovery had been telegraphed to Police Headquarters. Officer John Holcomb had been on the force only three months, and prior to his appointment he had spent nine-tenths of his life below Bleecker street. That is why he failed to recognize the body he found. But the sergeant knew it at a glance.

"Great Cæsar!" he exclaimed. "It's Dan Dorchester, and they've murdered him!"

"And who were they?"

Rarely has it happened that the chain of circumstantial evidence has been followed, link by link, with such astuteness and rapidity as in the case of the Dorchester tragedy. By seven o'clock in the morning his body was found, at six the news of the murder was known in every precinct in the city, at nine Detectives Crosby and Morse had been detailed to work up the case, and before six o'clock of that same day the murderer was in custody locked up, while the officers held in their possession the most conclusive proofs of the prisoner's guilt.

Everybody who professed to know anything of New York life knew Dan Dorchester. He was the last representative of an old and honorable family. Not yet thirty, he had made himself more conspicuous in social circles than any of his ancestors had succeeded in doing in a lifetime. He was rich, and reputed to be much richer than he really was. He had inherited a handsome property, had squandered the greater portion of it, and lived in a style that five, and in love a hundred times. If he drank too much brandy, or lavished too much money on women of doubtful reputation, or spent too many nights at the gambling-table, all these vices seemed rather to increase than diminish his popularity. A handsome, open-handed, warm-hearted, good fellow—that was the verdict which the world had passed upon Dan Dorchester.

The detectives, the moment the case was put into their hands, looked about to find out what was the question which is oftenest the key to the unlocking of mysterious crime—"Whom did this murder benefit?" Dan Dorchester was the last man in the world whose life would have been taken through enmity. There were no mysterious antecedents nor hidden skeletons threatening to drag him down. The police, who were more than tolerably familiar with his manner of life, were ready to swear to this. Dan Dorchester had plainly been assassinated for money. When last seen alive, laughing, he had passed out of the Cafe Brunswick, he wore a solitaire diamond stud of remarkable brilliancy, a heavy gold watch and chain, to which was attached a locket, set with diamonds, and a massive gold vest-buttons. Since he lived by gambling in Paris. She spoke German as fluently as French, and French as perfectly as English. She played divinely on the piano. She painted in water-colors. She was a better horsewoman than one American in ten thousand. She had reached the perfection of her womanly charms, and told her age—twenty-five—with delicious frankness. She had had numerous love-encounters, but nothing of a very serious nature. She had been in New York only six months, and the more like a stranger in a strange land she could be she had ever done before. Still she was proud of being an American, and, next to Paris, thought New York the most delightful city in the world.

All this knowledge of the beautiful Marian was gleaned by the detectives in a single hour's first meeting with her. He found, furthermore, that Col. Wilmot Flanders had been so long abroad that he was much more of a cosmopolitan than a New-Yorker. Sixty years old, with a full, round face, an iron-gray moustache, a clear gray eye, closely cropped hair, the Colonel's bearing seemed to give him a right to his title. He was excessively polite, and thoroughly impregnated with the ideas and prejudices of the Continent. By the terms of his brother-in-law's will, his guardianship of Marian did not terminate when that young lady came of age. He was strictly enjoined to act as Marian's father, while a marriage without his consent would deprive the girl of her entire fortune. The Colonel's consent to the funds of his ward was not all that was necessary to the settlement of the property. He was also reasonably rich in his own name, and, his wife having died without bearing him children, he intended to bequeath his entire fortune to Marian.

Dan Dorchester had never known what a mighty passion meant until he loved Miss Dayton. That love was instantaneous, absorbing and intense. His unfortunate experience with one wife had, he believed, taught him all the yearnings for domestic felicity. The woman he had honored with his hand had dishonored his name, and driven him to the extremity of divorce. He had breathed a great sigh of relief when well rid of her. He had sworn solemnly never to wed again. One look at Miss Dayton made him laugh at that vow. This woman was his destiny. She should be his wife, or he would cease to live.

For a month Dan Dorchester lived in a kind of ecstasy which he could not analyze, and did not care to. Marian loved him. He was convinced of that, and that was enough. He had few opportunities of seeing her alone, for the prim Miss Webb felt it her duty to sit in the room whenever he called. But even the chilling presence could not shut out the warm glances of Marian's eyes, nor the tell-tale blush on her cheek. Six weeks from their first meeting, Dorchester declared his love, and asked Marian to become his wife. That was on one of the rare and blessed occasions when Miss Webb was absent. She heard him with downcast eyes and quickened breath, and when he had finished she held out her hands with infinite grace, and, while her full bosom rose and fell tumultuously, she said:

"I love you, Dan. Ask papa!"

That very night, for his love made him hotly impatient, Dorchester held an interview with Col. Flanders, and asked him with simple directness for the hand of his niece. The Colonel heard this proposition with undisguised astonishment.

"Really, my dear fellow, this thing had never entered my mind. I looked upon you as my friend, rather than Marian's. We have both seen something of life, you know—both had our little experiences in the world, and I supposed, I—I—I—I supposed, had outgrown the sentimental age. You know, a man who has separated from his wife subjects himself to a good deal of comment when he marries again. And, what is worse, he subjects the woman of his choice to more comment still. You are quite sure, my dear fellow, that this temporary passion, which you mistake for love, will not best be left to cool itself?"

But Dan Dorchester was not a man to be put off in this way. He urged his case, not only with the Colonel, but with Miss Webb, and the combined pressure of the two lovers at last won the day. Colonel Flanders informed himself thoroughly of Dorchester's past life, of his antecedents, his character, and his fortune. He found, quite plainly that as the husband of Marian he must break off certain connections and give up certain habits. The girl was too rare a gem to be hidden in any unworthy setting. Her parents had hoped that she would marry a nobleman. Her own stubbornness which had prevented a match with the Comte de Brevan three years before, in Paris. Still, as Dorchester was of good family, and could hold a high social position in New York society, even though his fortune was much less than Marian's, the sensible Colonel consented to the union.

With his strong Continental prejudices, Col. Flanders considered it a part of the sacred trust confided to him to make the preliminary arrangements touching the money settlement. He conveyed the satisfactory news to Marian in a Russia-leather portmonnaie stuffed with bills, a gold watch, chain and locket, a diamond stud and a seal-ring. As he turned to leave, the polite Col. Flanders produced paper and pen, and said:

"We must have a document in writing. You know what we know. You take these valuables as the price of a service. If you ever give the slightest hint of how you received them, the police will have all the evidence they need to convict you of theft. Therefore, to avoid any disagreeable contingency, I—I—I—I must ask you to write me a receipt."

"Do you," said he, "have nothin' till say phatever till ye get yer orthers. Just agree wuth uvery mon that talks till ye, an' ye'll make no mistakes."

"So," sees I, "Christy, it wud be a fortyun to me av I had your wut, so it wud," sez I.

"Oh, av ye takes my adveese, I'll make a mon av ye yet," sez he.

So I fell in with Corkey Preeze, an' we stharted out till "work the town," as he called it, an' we worked it so diligently that, be meanol, I ror oxthered till the hotel, an' I never rus till dinner-time an Winsday, an', be heavens, me throat wor as dhry as a lime-burner's wig; bud till cut a long story short, I never got out av the hotel at all till I wor waked up be Christy till get ready for the road, an' it wor nigh hand mornin' phin I got home. I wor a little jubious about goin' in, bud I knocked at the dure, an' Wuliam Tammas let me in; bud av I didn't catch it in the mornin', nuver mind. She kem up till the bedside, an' sez she: "Thon wor a fine lie ye towid me, me flower, about Rosey havin' twuns; and phere hev you been since?" an' sez she: "Phere did you get thon handkerchief wuth 'Maud' on the corner? Maud, indeed! an' lnk at the stockins ye hev on ye."

I did luk, an', sure enough, I had long stockins on.

"I think," sez I, "that some av the lads hev been takin' a rise out av me."

"Oh, ay: that's likely," sez she. "Phere dix thon lady live?"

"Wuch wan?" sez I.

"Maud," sez she. "Whuch wan, indeed? How many av thim have ye? Oh, my, my! isn't this disgraseful for a mon av your years till be carryin' on lek this?"

Well, boys, she wrought herself up till that degree that I had till fly for my life, an' av I knew the mon that done thon job, it wud not be gude for him.

The Colonel drew a sharp penknife from his pocket, took the man's unresisting hand, and cut a deep, long gash. With the blood that flowed out Richard Kingston wrote the vow. Then, in silence, he stalked out of the house, utterly unmindful of his blood-stained hands.

Yes, it was pleasant to be on a jury where the evidence of guilt left not the slightest room for possible remorse in the hereafter. And yet, when the convicted murderer was found dead in his cell, stabbed to the heart with the wire he had torn off from his drinking-cup, it was strange, at least, that he should have no other word or confession or accusation than this, scrawled on the fly-leaf of his Bible:

"If the world wants to find the murderer of Daniel Dorchester, let it watch the claimants to his estate."

This was all. And this was obviously the ravings of an insane man. Watch the claimants to his property? Why, no claimants appeared until the courts decided that, in absence of any will, Daniel Dorchester's estate should go to the nearest of kin, a pretty cousin of sixteen. She was three thousand miles away when the murder was committed. Did the shrewd David Comstock destroy that deed which cost two lives through fear or remorse? Who shall say? And what became of the polite Col. Flanders, the precise Miss Webb and the beautiful Marian? That is what the landlord of No. — Gramercy Park would much like to know.

"Pay Up."

One would imagine that the office of the Water Board would be a good place to secure variety, but such is far from being the case. Outside of the people who pay rates when due and have no words about it, there is only one other class. The man who has waited until notified that the water will be shut off if he doesn't come to time walks into the office with a look of awful dignity on his brow and says:

"Going to shut my water off, eh?"

Silence on the part of the clerk.

"I'd like to see you try it on, I would! If this Water Board imagines that it runs the whole city, it will find itself grandly mistaken!"

More silence from the clerk.

"If the water had been shut off, I'd have given this Board such a till as it never had before! It can browbeat some men, but it musn't try any Cæsarism on me!"

The clerk looks out of the window.

"I now refuse to pay the rates, and you shut the water off if you dare! I'll make a test case of it, and carry it to the Supreme Court!"

The clerk shifts his weight to the other leg.

"Yes, I'll carry it to the Supreme Court, if it costs me $10,000! I have never allowed an

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION CONVENTION.

Thorough Harmony and Improved Legislation.

It is said that "in a multitude of counselors there is much wisdom;" but on the occasion of the annual convention of the National Association of Professional Clubs, which took place at Marie's Hotel, in this city, on Feb. 18, 19, a few delegates accomplished more and better work in legislating for the majority class of the professional fraternity—the class not represented in the League—than has been done at any previous National Convention since the Association was organized, some three or four years ago. But four clubs sent delegates, but they proved to be men who had not only the interests of the Association at heart, but also those of the game at large, and the results of their deliberations in convention have been an improved constitution for the Association, and the adoption of the best code of playing rules now extant.

The Convention was called to order on the morning of Feb. 18 by Mr. Bennett of the National Club, who was elected chairman in the absence of the president of the Association. On calling the roll, the following clubs were found to be represented: Albany of Albany, N. Y., W. H. Meyers and W. S. Arnold; National of Washington, D. C., M. B. Scanlon and H. B. Bennett; Baltimore of Baltimore, A. H. Henderson and L. H. Mahn; Jersey City of Jersey City, Jas. Mutrie and M. Staples.

Mr. Chapman, manager of the late Springfield Club, was present, as also was Mr. Gifford, the new manager of the Nationals. The first business in order was the reception of the reports of officers, the Judiciary Committee's report, containing the award of the National Association pennant, and their action in regard to players expelled, etc. The pennant was duly awarded to the Albany Club, on the basis of the appended legal record of championship games counted by the committee, who, in making up their estimate, threw out all the games played by the Capital City—Rochester team, all but the first game of the series played by the Utica team, all but the first two with each club played by the Manchesters, all but the first five of the Springfield, and the first six of the Holyoke. All of the championship games played by the Albany, National, Holyoke, Worcester and New Bedford Clubs with one another were counted. On this basis the championship record stood:

	Albany.	National.	Holyoke.	Worcester.	Springfield.	New Bedford.	Manchester.	Utica.	Won.
Albany	..	4	3	5	4	7	1	1	25
National	4	..	3	4	4	1	1	1	22
Holyoke	3	3	..	5	2	1	1	1	17
Worcester	3	4	1	..	2	5	0	1	16
Springfield	1	4	3	3	..	3	2	1	15
New Bedford	1	3	2	3	2	..	1	0	12
Manchester	1	1	2	1	0	0	..	0	7
Utica	0	1	0	0	1	1	0	..	2
Games lost	13	16	15	22	15	26	6	5	116

The action of the Committee in regard to the expulsion of Bowen and Leary by the Manchester Club was to the effect that the acts of insubordination and dissipated habits, alleged against them, did not warrant the severe penalty of expulsion inflicted, and that a fine or dismissal would have sufficed, leaving expulsion as the penalty for dishonest play only. They also reinstated W. C. Blogg, expelled in 1877, on the grounds that he had already been punished enough.

The report of the secretary and treasurer contained interesting statistics of the play of the National clubs, and showed that the Association was in a sound financial condition. The reports adopted, the Convention then went into a committee of the whole on revising the constitution and by-laws. Article IV of the constitution was changed so as to make the president ex-officio a member of the Judiciary Committee, which now consists of three members. The secretary, too, was prohibited from being connected with any paper in the capacity of reporter, etc., or with any professional club, in or out of the National Association. His salary was fixed at the amount of the annual dues of $20 from each club entering for the championship. The date of the annual meeting of the Association was changed to the second Tuesday in December preceding the third Wednesday.

Section 2 of Article V was amended so as to exclude from employment by any Association club any player willfully violating any provison of this constitution or of the playing rules—in other words, no club can employ an expelled player of either the National or any other association, except by the *unanimous* consent of the members of the Association. Last year a majority only was required. A violation of this rule forfeits membership of the Association.

The amendments to the championship code contain the following important changes:

ART. XII, SEC. 2.—Each club entering for the championship shall play the number of games to be arranged by the schedule committee with every other club entered for the championship, and all games (except those played on holidays,) between clubs entered for the championship, played without the consent of either, shall be for championship. Provided, however, that if any game be prevented by rain, or if a tie or drawn game be played, the visiting club must extend its stay to the following day, as again provided by such city for the purpose of playing off such tie or drawn game, or game prevented by rain, on penalty of forfeiture of said game.

The amended rule applicable to the schedule is as follows:

The Association shall elect a committee of three to arrange a schedule of championship games, and such committee shall report to the Secretary before the 1st day of April arranging such schedule, and immediately report the same to the secretary of the Association, who shall at once submit it to all clubs which shall have entered for the championship, and, if a majority approve the same, by telegram or letter, on or before the 15th day of April, to the secretary, it shall be in full force and binding; if the majority do not approve said schedule, the committee of three shall prepare an amended schedule to be submitted, and said amended schedule shall be final and binding.

A very important amendment was made by adopting this section:

Games participated in by clubs which have withdrawn, disbanded or forfeited their membership without completing their championship series with all other championship clubs shall not count in the championship. Such report of the Judiciary Committee shall be subject to the approval of the Association at its annual meeting.

This does away with the system of 1879, now in vogue in the League code, by which the least number of games played with all the clubs are counted. The most satisfactory plan is to throw out all the games played by teams disbanded before playing their schedule games out, as adopted by the National Association.

Another desirable change was made in adopting the following amendment:

The admission-fee to all championship games played between clubs belonging to the National Association shall be twenty-five cents, and the visiting club shall be entitled to receive for each such game so played the sum of $75.

By this rule the home-club receives all the benefit of its power to attract large crowds on its own grounds, the visiting club taking no share of the receipts whatever, but only its $75 guarantee.

After the constitution had been gone through with, the Convention had a recess, and in the afternoon took up the playing rules of the game.

The first matter coming up under this head was the important subject of adopting the ball. This was adjourned over to the last meeting of the rules, when, after receiving offers from several ball-makers, the offer of Mr. Mahn was accepted, which was in effect that he would make balls for the Association at the same rate as furnished to the trade, he also undertaking to publish the Association Book for 1880, that of 1879 being the best Association book of the year. Prior to adjournment to Feb. 19, the Convention elected the following officers for 1880: Mr. H. W. Garfield of the Albany Club president; Mr. H. R. Bennett of the National Club of Washington, vice-president; Mr. James A. Williams of Holyoke, Jr., secretary and treasurer; and Mr. M. B. Scanlon of Washington was nominated for member of the Judiciary Committee, but he declined in favor of Mr. H. R. Bennett, who was elected, Mr. Milton Staples of the Jersey City Club being elected as the other member of the Judiciary Committee. This leaves Messrs. Garfield, Bennett and Staples as the Judiciary Committee of 1880. We hope to see Mr. Garfield take an active interest in the Association, as there is no doubt he will. The amendments made to the playing rules were chiefly as follow:

Amendments to the Rules.

There were several amendments to the playing rules of the game passed, and, though they might have been made more complete, the advance places the National Association rules before the baseball fraternity at large as the most complete code in existence. Taking them up in the order of rules, the most important introduced in Rule I is that governing the form of the bat, the section now reading as follows:

SEC. 4. *The bat may be either round or four-sided in form,* but it shall not exceed two and a half inches in diameter in its widest part. It must be made entirely of wood, and shall not exceed forty-two inches in length.

In Rule II the first section was reworded thus:

SEC. 1.—The game shall consist of nine innings to each side; *and in playing match games nine players from each of the contesting clubs shall constitute a full field.* Should the score at the end of the ninth inning be a tie, play shall be continued until a majority of the runs upon an equal number of innings shall be declared, when the game shall end. All innings shall be concluded when the third hand is put out.

A very important amendment to this rule was made by striking out Section 5, leaving Section 6 to cover the ground in the case of games marked by incompleted innings. According to the National rules of 1879 the old system of "playing the game into the dark," as it was called, was allowable; but the amendment adopted renders this impossible under the revised code.

SEC. 7.—new number—now reads:

The umpire in any match-game shall, in case of rain or approaching darkness, determine when play shall be suspended; and, if the game cannot be fairly concluded, it shall be decided by the score of the last equal inning played, unless one nine shall have completed their inning and the other nine shall have *equaled* or exceeded the score of their opponents in their incompleted inning, in which case the game shall be decided by the total score obtained, which score shall be recorded as the score of the game.

By this rule a drawn game or a victory can result from a contest in which one side has completed its inning, and the side last at the bat has scored sufficient runs to tie the game or to win, before a single hand has been put out; but if darkness or rain puts a stop to play before the last part of the inning has been commenced, the score at the close of the last equal inning alone decides the contest. In the League code of 1879 Section 5 of Rule II prohibits a drawn game, except by the score of a game of equal innings, and yet Section 6 of the same rule admits of a drawn game in an uncompleted game by the score of the last part of an uncompleted inning. In the National code of 1879 a game stopped by rain or darkness had to be sent back to the score of the last equal inning, as it did twenty years ago; and this admitted of purposely delayed play to send the game back.

The new Section 7—Section 8 in 1879—was also amended by adding the following words to the end of the section: "*When the side last at the bat in the ninth or any subsequent inning shall score the winning run, the game shall terminate.*"

By this amendment any further play after the winning run is made is rendered unnecessary. Before, the rule required the three players to be put out before the game could end, though the victory had been practically won before a man was out.

RULE IV, governing the pitching, was only amended in two sections, Section 2 being added to by the following clause at the end: "*The pitcher, when about to deliver the ball to the batsman, shall not turn his back to the batsman.*"

SEC. 7 and 8 were also changed so as to make the limit of called balls eight, instead of nine, though why the change was made—except to get the National pitchers familiar with the League rule of eight balls—it would be difficult to tell on any reasonable ground of advantage to the game.

RULE V was amended by changing the wording of Sec. 9 to read:

SEC. 9. Should the batsman step outside of the lines of his position when he strikes at the ball, the umpire shall call "Foul strike and out," and base-runners shall return to the bases they occupied when the ball was struck at or hit.

RULE VI had one section amended, as follows:

SEC. 6. One run shall be scored every time a base-runner, after having regularly touched the first three bases, shall touch the home-base before three hands are out, and base-runners shall score their runs only in the order of their going to the bat. If the third hand out is batted out, or is put out before reaching first base, a run shall not be scored.

The amendment to the rule was inserted so as to prevent a fast base-runner from passing one who precedes him in order, as happened in Syracuse last season.

Section 2 of Rule VII now reads:

SEC. 2 Each club entering for the National championship of this Association shall send to the secretary, on or before April 1, the names of such persons of good repute as are considered competent to act as umpires; and a list of all persons so nominated shall be prepared by the Secretary, and submitted to each club, which shall then select therefrom a number equal to three times the number of clubs entered for such championship, and shall transmit a list thereof to the secretary, and the required number having the greatest number of approvals shall constitute the staff of championship umpires.

SEC. 5 of the same rule was amended as follows:

SEC. 5. Should any fielder stop or catch the ball with his hat, cap, or any part of his dress, the umpire should call "Dead ball," and the base runners shall each be entitled to two bases for any fair-hit ball so stopped or caught. Should the ball be stopped by any person not engaged in the game, the umpire must call "Dead ball," and players running bases at the time shall be entitled to the bases they were running for, and the ball be recarded as dead until settled in the hands of the pitcher while standing within the lines of his position. When a ball is returned from the field to the catcher for the purpose of putting a base-runner out who is running home, the batsman standing ready to bat shall vacate his position, so as to avoid obstructing the catcher in fielding the ball.

The scoring-rules at the end of the code were amended so as to practically replace the error-column by having a column for chances offered—"C. O."—to put players out; also by transferring the credit given the pitcher in causing the batsman to strike out, from the column of fielding assistance in the score to a special note in the summary. The column devoted to "times reaching first base" was also stricken out, it being replaced by "total bases run," such total not including bases obtained by forcing other runners out. The new summary—not the score proper—now includes assistance on strikes by pitcher, sacrifice hits by batsman, balls called, total strikes made and called and fouls struck from each pitcher's delivery, the wild pitches made, and the balls passed. The absence of the error column in the National scores of 1879 prevented the secretary from making up the fielding averages, there being no figures from which to get at the percentage of chances accepted to chances offered. The record of assistance on strikes, mixed up in the pitcher's record of actual fielding assistance, also prevents any record of a pitcher's skill as a fielder.

The session of Feb. 19 was devoted chiefly to the appointment of the schedule committee, those selected being Messrs. M. B. Scanlon of Washington, E. J. Garity of Albany, and James Mutrie of Jersey City. The Albany and National Club representatives signed an agreement by which they adopted the League-club rule, deducting $30 from the salary of players to defray expenses for uniforms, and fifty cents a day towards board-expenses when traveling. The Jersey City and Baltimore Clubs would not sign the agreement. These two clubs also agreed to divide the gross receipts of match-games played on holiday occasions. On motion of Mr. Scanlon, the Convention adjourned to meet at the Bingham House, Philadelphia, Dec. 15, 1880. Thanks were voted to the members of the New York press, the reporters being admitted to the National Convention, as there was nothing to hide from the public—and also to the retiring officers, especially to Secretary Williams, who has worked so arduously to build up the Association.

THE WORCESTERS' SOUTHERN TRIP.

Between three and four thousand persons witnessed the game between the Worcesters and the R. E. Lees, in New Orleans, La., on Feb. 15. Foley pitched and Bushong caught for the home-club, while Ward and Brown filled the same positions for the visitors. Both nines fielded finely, splendid running catches being made by Bond and Peltz. Ward's pitching puzzled the Lees, who made but three safe hits off him, while the Worcesters hit Foley's delivery hard, Wood being credited with two two-basers, and Knight, Bond and Brown with one each. The game was closely contested up to the fifth inning, when the visitors made three runs, Brown's two bagger sending two men home. The batting of Wood and Miller, Ward's pitching and Bushong's catching were the chief features of this game, which resulted as follows:

WORCESTER.	T. R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	R. E. LEE.	T. R.	1B	P.O	A.	E.
Wood, l. f.	5	1	2	1	0	Miller, 1st b.	4	2	2	5	0
Knight, r. f.	1	1	1	0	0	Foley, p.	4	1	0	0	8
Ward, p.	3	1	3	16	1	Peltz, 2d b.	2	1	2	3	0
Brown, c.	5	1	1	8	0	Bushong, c.	4	0	1	8	1
Sullivan, lb.	4	0	2	13	1	Bond, l. f.	4	0	0	2	0
Creamer, 2b.	4	1	1	1	0	Meek, s. s.	3	0	1	2	2
Wright, s. s.	4	0	0	0	2	Collins, 3d b.	3	0	0	3	1
Reilly, c. f.	4	1	1	1	0	Peltz, c. f.	3	0	0	3	0
Keefe, 3d b.	3	2	1	0	2	Ritmeyer, r. f.	3	0	0	1	2
Totals.	40	7	10	27	4	Totals.	32	3	3	27	13

Worcester	0	2	0	0	3	0	1	0	1—7
R. E. Lee	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	0	0—3

First base by errors—Worcester, 3; Lee, 1. Earned runs—Worcester, 4; Lee, 1. Umpire, F. Nichols of the J. S. Wright. Time, 2h. 30m.

The Worcesters, in company with the Lone Stars of New Orleans, visited Mobile, Ala., on Feb. 18, and played an exhibition game there. Keefe and Reilly acted as pitcher and catcher for the Worcesters, and the former's delivery was very effective, the Lone Stars, although strengthened by such players as Bennett and Nichols, failing to make more than one base-hit, and being prevented from scoring. Foley and Bushong pitched and caught in two innings, the Worcesters then making four runs by good batting, including a three-baser by Knight and a two-bagger by Wood. Nichols pitched and Bennett caught during the remainder of the game, which was limited to seven innings on account of rain, the score standing at the conclusion 5 to 0 in favor of the Worcesters.

These two nines played a second game at Mobile on 19, when Foley and Brown were battery caught for the Lone Stars. Sullivan scored the only run credited to the Worcesters, on Wright's two-baser in the second inning. The Lone Stars tied the score in the fifth inning, Bennett then making a two-baser and being sent home by Brown's single. The game was called at the end of the tenth inning, with the score still unaltered. The fielding of both nines was very sharp.

BASEBALL NOTES.

The officers of the Providence Baseball Association state that the question of salary does not and has not entered into their dealings with George Wright relative to his engagement by them for the coming season, and add: "Mr. Wright understands that he can have the same salary as last year, and, as far as we know, has not asked for anything more; in fact, has set no price at all. A largely increasing business in Boston that needs his attention, and a decided reluctance to further continue ball-playing, are the only reason that as yet Mr. Wright has given us for not signing for the season of 1880. There have been no threats that we would engage Peters, Macullar or any other man in his place. Both Peters and Macullar and others have applied for engagements with us, but our course with all has been to say that we are still in hopes that Mr. Wright will sign with us, and until we get a decisive answer or reply from him we shall not engage anyone to fill his place. There is not a member of our directory that is not disposed to treat Mr. Wright as the gentleman that we believe him to be." We are pleased to hear that the officers of the Providence Association have acted in such a straightforward and honorable manner, and that all statements imputing to them an unenviable character for parsimony are not warranted by the above given facts of the case.....The following well-known supporters of baseball in Philadelphia are now holding public offices: Dr. Hicks Hayhurst, James M. Kerns, Thos. J. Smith, Moses Levi, Dan W. Gilbert, Joseph S. Allen, James J. Barr, Al. H. Ladner, Wm. W. Hincken, Ed. Bull, Gilbert Moore, Wm. A. Thorp, A. A. Grace, W. S. Reyburn and Wm. Gallagher.....The New Orleans papers consider Bennett of the Worcesters "the greatest catcher of the age."....Frank McManus, now a well-known lawyer of St. Louis, is a graduate of the old Rose Hills of St. Johns College, Fordham, and in 1870 caught for the professional Kekiongas in a few games, facing Bobby Mathews' pitching.....Affairs in San Francisco baseball circles continue very quiet, and there is nothing doing except getting ready for the coming season, which is expected to be a brilliant one.....Adrian, Mich., will organize a strong nine for the coming season, and require the services of a pitcher, catcher and about three other players. All communications should be addressed to Thos. J. Navin, Adrian, Mich.....The Baltimore Club will place a strong nine in the field, including the following players: Daly, pitcher; Deasley, catcher; Donovan, Smiley and Ellick on the bases; Myers, short stop; and Bechtel, center field. Kennedy is spoken of as the left-fielder, with a right-fielder yet to be selected. Daly is said to be an excellent pitcher and a good batsman, although he has but one arm. Deasley, Myers and Birchall are well known young professionals from Philadelphia; Donovan hails from Boston, Smiley from Baltimore, and Ellick was the third baseman of the Nationals of Washington last season.....The Nationals of Washington have arranged games in the following places: Cincinnati, April 14, 15, 17, Chicago 20, Milwaukee 21, Cleveland 26, 27 and 28. Any club in which club will have a strong nine, and will give these League clubs a lively tussle.....Over 4,000 persons, it is said, were present at the game between the Havana and Almendares Clubs on Feb. 1 at Havana, Cuba. Steve Bellan, who has been suffering from illness, made his reappearance as catcher for the Havanas, who won easily by a score of 16 to 2, an unexpected result.....The Harvard Freshmen nine has received challenges from the Yale Freshmen to play on April 17 and 24.....A special meeting of the League will be held at the Osborn House, Rochester, on Feb. 26 to adopt a schedule and transact any other business that may come before it. A. H. Soden of the Boston Club and W. A. Hulbert of the Chicago Club, who comprise the schedule committee, are to be in Rochester one or two days before the regular meeting to agree upon a schedule to present to the delegates.....A first-baseman, who says he can throw the ball 101½ds. with his right hand and 87½ds. with his left, is disengaged in Ottawa, Can., and would like to play with some club next season.....The University of Pennsylvania intends joining the Intercollegiate Baseball Association.....Denny Mack is the superintendent of the new ball-ground in New Orleans, and under his personal supervision it has been drained, leveled and put in tiptop order.

CRICKET.

SCRAPS OF BYGONE CRICKET.

James Chester, a good free bat, had a singular run of ill-luck in 1849, and in sixteen consecutive innings scored but 42 runs. James Dean never made 30 runs in an inning in any recorded match until his ninth season, when, on Aug. 11, 1842, he contributed 57 for M. C. C. against the best bowlers in England at that time. An extraordinary single-wicket match was played at Burley, in Yorkshire, on July 11, 1853, between John Barrett and William Swain. Barrett went in first, scored 1 from a wide, and was bowled next ball; then Swain "took up a wonderous tale," and, after looking at 5 wides, the next ball settled him, he again making room for Barrett, who received five balls that neither touched bat nor wicket and then was bowled by the sixth; so Swain won, thanks to the wides, by one inning and 4 "runs" (?), and the ball in the three innings never once touched the bat. What a treat for spectators! On July 10, 1845, a curious match between Manchester and Liverpool was commenced in the latter city. The first inning of each side was played in Liverpool, and the second in Manchester. In the match between Surrey and Sussex in 1867, the latter had to go in for 93 runs to win, and some daring individual had the temerity to bet 60 to 1 that they would not get the runs without losing a wicket. So well, however, did C. H. Smith and Charles Payne defend their stumps, that they actually pulled off this extraordinary event, and that, too, without giving even a chance.

Frederick Walker, one of the seven cricketing brothers of that name, was one of the hardest hitters ever seen, and this quality was combined with great steadiness. In 1857 he hit a wonderful inning of 170 in three hours and a half against good bowling and fielding, and in 1860 he was at the wicket over an hour for only three singles. Charles Payne was another example of a hard hitter and a slow, although

WM. J. VAN HOUTEN, Champion Pole-jumper.

Though before the public only a single season, the young amateur athlete who forms the subject of this week's sketch has attained a position which no one in the same line of sport ever before reached in America, and certainly no one is more deserving of championship honors than the eighteen-year-old youth whose portrait appears above. William J. Van Houten was born in New York City June 4, 1861, stands 5ft. 7¾in. in height, and in condition weighs 125lb, or seven pounds less than ordinarily. His physical measurements are: Chest, 32in.; forearm, 9¾in.; biceps, 10in.; calf, 13½in.; thigh, 19in. He is a member of the Scottish-American Athletic Club, and first made his appearance as a public competitor at the games held by the Manhattan A. C., at their grounds on Eighth avenue, June 7, 1879, when he reached a height of 5ft. 6in. in the pole-jump, which was won by George McNichol, M. A. C., with 9ft. 6in. This was an excellent showing for a commencement, and, being in the meantime well cared for by Alfred Badger, the experienced English trainer, Van Houten on July 4, at the games held by his own club, on the Manhattan Club grounds, improved upon it by six inches, tieing A. Ing at 9ft. for second prize, although he was beaten in jumping off the tie. Jackson McClellan, American A. C., won the competition, clearing a height of 9ft. 6in. Sept. 6 he was a competitor at the Fall games of the Manhattan Club, and on this occasion he easily beat all opponents, as well as the best previous American record, going over the bar when placed at 10ft. 5½in.; McNichol was second with 10ft. and McClellan third with 9ft. 6in. Sept. 13 he appeared at the Autumn meeting of the Staten Island Athletic Club, he and Jason McClellan having a long over-the crosspiece at an elevation of 10ft. 3in., and the latter being then forced to discontinue by failing and severely injuring his arm. A week later, on Sept. 20, Van Houten competed in the pole-jump at the Fall games of the N. Y. Athletic Club, on the grounds at Mott Haven, and here he earned a best-on-record medal by clearing a height of 10ft. 5½in. B. F. Richardson was second, with but 9ft. He won his championship trophy at the meeting held on the same grounds Sept. 27, when he was not called upon to do better than 10ft. 4¾in. Oct. 4, at the Athletic Athletic Club games, held on the Manhattan grounds, he was again a winner, scoring ten feet, which was one foot more than Jackson McClellan could do that day. His next and last appearance was at the Fall meeting of the Harlem A. C., at the 8. A. C. grounds, Oct. 8, when he was again successful, the winning distance being 10ft. 1¾in. B. F. Richardson was second, with 9ft. 8in. Lithe and of a build admirably suited to the requirements of the game, with youth and increasing strength to back up his ambition, Mr. Van Houten, we have good reason to expect, will gain still greater distinction in the future.

AMERICAN HORSES IN ENGLAND.—In the race for the Liverpool Spring Cup, to take place March 19, P. Lorillard's horses will carry the following weights: Parole, the top-weight of 131lb: Mistake, 96lb; Sly Dance, 92lb; and Wallenstein, 91lb. In the United Kingdom Steeplechase, at Croydon, April 1, Muscadin will carry 153lb.

ATHLETIC.

THE CHARITY ENTERTAINMENT.

The committee appointed to wait upon W. H. Vanderbilt have secured Madison-square Garden for Thursday evening, March 4, when will be held the mammoth athletic entertainment for the benefit of the suffering people of Ireland. The prizes have been contributed by business men of the metropolis, the necessary printing will be furnished without price by J. J. O'Brien, and it is safe to say that newspaper advertising will not cost any more. The following is the programme for the entertainment: Handicap (amateur) run of 25, the, 440 and 880 yards; one mile, 220yds. hurdle handicap, three-mile run, one-mile handicap walk (for those who have a record of 7m. 45s. or better), three-mile handicap walk, professional run (P. J. McDonald to beat the American record at two miles, and Charles Price to beat it at three miles), tug-of-war (teams of four men, 140lb, stripped, and teams of four, 125lb, stripped), international tug-of-war, relay race (L. E. Myers, M. A. C., to run one mile while Thomas McEwen, M. A. C., and W. H. Purdy Jr., A. C., walk three-quarters of a mile). An entrance-fee of 50 cents per man is required for every event, and must accompany the entries, which close on Monday, March 1, with J. M. Pollock, 235 East Twenty-fourth street. The notice is brief, but the need is urgent and will not admit of delay. We hope to see our leading athletes, as well as those of lesser note, send in their names promptly. The rest may safely be left with the people of New York, whose liberality upon such occasions is proverbial.

MONTREAL SNOWSHOE CLUB.

On Saturday afternoon, Feb. 14, the annual races of this Canadian club took place on the Montreal lacrosse grounds. The weather was pleasant, but the traveling was rather heavy, owing to a fall of snow the night previously, and the times were consequently not so good as usually made. A return tobogan. Two miles (Indian)—John Lefebvre, 1, in 14m. 12⅘s.; Michel Lefebvre, 2; Strong Arm, 3. One mile, amateur—G. R. Starke, 1, in 6m. 35⅘s.; J. Laing, 2, in 6m. 42s.; A. McTaggart, 3, in 6m. 42⅘s. 100yds., amateur—R. McGill Stuart won the first heat in 13⅘sec., and had a walk-over for the second, as M. Austin, his sole opponent, fell at the start. Two miles, club—R. Summerhayes, 1, in 14m. 45s.; McNab, 2, 15m. 15s.; Shaw, 3, 15m. 30s. Boys' race (under 15)—McNaughton, 1, in 1m. 48⅘s.; Starke, 2, 1m. 55s.; Murray, 3. 1-mile race, 440yds., amateur—Laing, 1, in 11m. 25⅘s.; Roy, 1m. 30s. Auld didn't finish. 880yds., club—Fletcher, 1, in 3m. 17⅘s.; Paton, 2, a foot away. 880yds., all amateurs—Starke, 1, in 3m. 8⅘s.; Paton, 2, 3m. 13s.; Robertson, 3. Hurdle-race, 120yds. First heat: Stuart, 1, in 20⅘s.; Austin, 2; W. Hubbell, 3. Second heat: Starke, in 23sec., the others not finishing. In the evening the club and invited guests, to the number of about one hundred, enjoyed the annual dinner in the Windsor Hotel.

HOW THEY WORKED IT IN HARTFORD.—The 27-hour go-as-you-please race which began at the Opera-house, Hartford, Ct., Feb. 16, at 8 o'clock p. m., for the State championship," terminated, says a correspondent, in a disgraceful fizzle, at seven o'clock the following evening. Cargill of Derby was alleged to have made 124 miles 6 laps, and was awarded the belt and $75; Halpine of Hartford, 124 miles, getting second money, $60; Miller of New Britain, 94 miles, third money, $40; King of Rockville, 90 miles, fourth money, $20. Our informant adds: "During the progress of the contest it was no unusual thing to see the laps jump from 3 to 6 at a single move, and the miles increased with fearful rapidity. The men were credited with making fifteen miles in ten minutes, and another gained several miles by the turn of a card. From the beginning there was a determined effort on the part of the backers of Halpine to have their man win, and they resorted to all kinds of trickery to accomplish this end, without success, as he became exhausted after accomplishing what purported to be 124 miles." Our correspondent neglects to state who had the management of this model contest.

DRISCOLL VS. DANIELS.—The twenty-five-mile heel-and-toe walk between Dennis A. Driscoll of Lynn and Charles P. Daniels of Boston, Mass., for a purse of fifty dollars, offered by John Ryan, came off at Salem, Mass., on a 27-lap track, Feb. 14. Daniels led by two seconds at the end of the first mile, walked in 8m. 26s., and retained premier position until four miles had been completed (he being then three seconds ahead), when Driscoll spurted past him and was nineteen seconds ahead at the end of the fifth mile. Drawing gradually away, Driscoll ultimately walked his antagonist off the track on the thirteenth lap of the latter's twentieth mile, and, after walking twenty-one miles in 3h. 21m. 22s., he was told that he might stop. The winner's time at the end of every five miles was: Five, 43m. 39s.; ten, 1h. 29m. 45s.; fifteen, 2h. 17m. 50s.; twenty, 3h. 11m. 7s. Daniels' time for 19 miles 12½ laps was 3h. 4m. 22s. Referee, E. C. Holske. Timekeeper and scorer, Mr. Eastabrook.

SKATING RACE.—On Monday evening, Feb. 16, on a fourteen-lap track at the Madison-avenue Rink, this city, George D. Phillips of the Hudson Boat Club defeated in handy style four other amateurs in a ten-mile race, his times at the close of every mile being as follow: One, 4m. 20s.; two, 8m. 48½s.; three, 13m. 28s.; four, 18m. 4s.; five, 22m. 43s.; six, 27m. 7½s.; seven, 31m. 33s.; eight, 36m. 18⅘s.; nine, 40m. 54s.; ten, 45m. 28s. He finished more than two laps ahead. Of his opponents, L. A. Pessenden skated his 2½ miles in 11m. 31s.; W. E. Ferguson, 11m. 29s.; S. J. Montgomery, 11m. 47⅘s.; and C. Pfaff Jr., 11m. 26½s.—total, 46m. 14s. The fastest mile was skated by Pfaff, in 4m. 19⅘s.

SEVERAL EVENTS were decided at the Recreation Grounds, San Francisco, Cal., on Sunday, Feb. 8, resulting as follows: Five-mile run, for amateurs—Fitzgerald, 1, in 32m. 27½s.; Sweetser, 2. Running race—Mr. L., carrying a man weighing 138lb, ran 50yds. sooner than Mr. S., who was untrammeled, ran 100yds. Quarter-mile run—F. E. Davis (scratch), 1, in 55⅘sec.; P. McIntyre (12yds.), 2. Jumping match—(Elipits, 1; Jim (colored), 2. Davis and King Hedley had been announced to run 440yds. for $500 a side, but Hedley failed to appear, owing, it was alleged, to illness.

DUMB-BELL FEATS.—A correspondent writes from Denver, Col., concerning performances alleged to have been accomplished with dumb-bells by Charles Allen in Louis Demolt's place. He asserts that he first lifted a 33lb bell four hundred times inside of sixteen minutes (at the rate of twenty-five times per minute), then raised a 100lb bell to arm's length twenty-one times, and finished up by raising to arm's length a 100lb bell in each hand ten times. Our informant does not give particulars as to the exact manner of performance.

CURLING IN NOVA SCOTIA.—Play for the president's purse took place Feb. 19 at the Halifax, N. S., Curling Rink. Two rinks competed, the result being as follows:

	Dr. Cowie.		
L. Kave,		C. H. Hichie,	
A. G. Heaslein,		C. E. Brown,	
Hugh Murray,		L. Symonds, skip	11
A. McLeod, skip	17	S. Blair,	
F. S. West,		B. A. Weston,	
L. L. Sutliffe,		W. H. Swindon,	
W. Forrest,		J. Kerr, skip	7
J. Muirhead, skip	18		

THE INDIANAPOLIS TOURNEY.—The entries for the $4-hour go-as-you please contest ann ounced to take place at the Exposition Building, Indianapolis, Ind., on Monday, March 1, should be addressed to the manager, Harry Gilbert, St. Charles Hotel, as above. Read the advertisement.

THE TURF.

COURSING IN ENGLAND.—The Altcar coursing meeting took place Feb. 20. There were eight starters in the running for the Waterloo Cup. The betting on this event had been heavy at odds on the favorite of from 15 to 1 to 7 to 1, offered and taken. Lord Haddington's dog Honeywood won the cup; Plunger second. Debonnaire won the Waterloo Purse, beating Truthful, and Shepherdess was the winner of the purse-race.

THOMAS DAWSON, the veteran English trainer, died Feb. 20 at Thorngill, Middleham, near Doncaster, Eng., after a prolonged illness. He was the eldest of four brothers, sons of George Dawson, all of whom have gained celebrity as trainers of race-horses. Among other famous equines whom he has prepared for great races, very often meeting with success, were Lord Eglinton's Blue Bonnet, who won the St. Leger in 1842, and Admiral Harcourt's Ellington, who was the winner of the Derby in 1856.

MURPHY AND JOHNSON.—A meeting was held on Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 17, at which the second and last deposit, of fifty dollars a side, was made for the wrestling match, collar-and-elbow holds, for two hundred dollars, between Charley Murphy and William Johnson. The match is to be decided at Terrace Garden, this city, on Friday evening, March 5, and the principals, or their representatives, are to meet here March 1, to choose final stakeholder and referee.

THE O'LEARY BELT.—Complaining of rheumatism in the knee, Peter McIntyre of San Francisco, Cal., wrote on Jan. 27, withdrawing his entry for the coming race for the O'Leary belt. His place has been taken by John Dobler of Chicago, who as yet has never been a contestant in a six-days race, although he has done good work. The race begins at Madison-square Garden, this city, April 5.

A 27-HOUR go-as-you-please race, for which sixteen started, was concluded at the Opera-house, Ansonia, Ct., Feb. 14, with the following announced result: J. Hawley (colored), 120 miles 19 laps; E. Thovey, 119 miles; C. Granger, 115; H. Porte, 107; E. Cargall, 105; J. Enright, 85.21; C. Doran, 85.6. The winner's time, as also that of the second man, was 25h. 30m.

POLO ON ROLLER-SKATES was again played by teams of five belonging to the Buffalo Club at the Pearl-street Rink, Buffalo, N. Y., Feb. 17. The "Blues"—A. J. Acton, P. C. Reyburn, F. C. Fero, G. M. Williams and W. J. King Jr.—won three games, while the "Whites"—Harry Grandin, W. H. Kinch, E. J. Gering, H. B. Doyle and H. P. Whittaker—took two.

A 24-HOUR heel-and-toe WALK, for $75 a side, came off at National Hall, Pittsburg, Pa., Feb. 14, between Wm. Flynn of Buffalo, N. Y., and J. W. Sullivan of Cleveland, O. The match was won by Flynn, he making 98 miles in 23 hours, and Sullivan quit on the 22d hour with a score of 92 miles, being then only two miles behind. Flynn was told to stop.

A SIX-DAY bicycle tournament, announced as for the championship of the world, a gold medal and $1,500 in cash prizes, competitors to be limited to ten, will be held at Agricultural Hall, London, Eng., March 15 to 20. Entries are to be made at the office of *The Sporting Life*.

J. MAHONEY, alias "Steavey," defeated J. Holland in a wrestling match for fifty dollars near Taunton, Mass., Feb. 17, gaining two falls in succession. The contest occupied three hours.

A CURLING MATCH, one rink, was played by the North and South members of the Thistle Club at St. John, N. B., Feb. 14, the Northerners winning by a score of 28 to 15.

THE TRIGGER.

THE LONG ISLAND SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION was organized at a meeting of delegates from the Long Island, Fountain, Nassau and Foresters' Clubs, held at the rooms of the Long Island Club Feb. 19: President, G. A. Chappell; first vice-president, Dr. H. F. Aten, Brooklyn Gun Club; second vice-president, Dr. W. Wynn, L. I. S. C.; third vice-president, W. Selover, Nassau Gun Club; fourth vice-president, Charles E. Fiske, Fountain Gun Club; fifth vice-president, Henry Thorpe, Long Island Foresters' Club; secretary, Abel Crook, Fountain Gun Club; treasurer, R. Robinson, L. I. S. C.; assistant-secretary, H. Cook, Fountain Gun Club. After the appointment of an executive committee, composed of five members from each of the clubs, the Association officers being members ex-officio, an adjournment for two weeks was had.

THE ESSEX GUN CLUB held their monthly shoot for the club-badge at Erb's Hotel, Bloomfield Road, near Newark, N. J., Feb. 18. Each of the seven sweepstakes cont

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Feb. 23.

LADIES' LIST.

Arlington, Edna
Beaumont, Nellie (2)
Buchanan, Virginia
Brown, Kattie (Actress)
Bell, Bessie (of Volks Garden)
Beaumont, Stella
Bigelow, Sadie
Brushfield, Mrs.
Carroll, Lillie
Clark, Bra.
Christy, Maggie
Colleene, Ellan
Clifton, Bessie
Dimple, Dottie
Davis, Lizzie (of Gilson & Davis)
DeForrest, Mrs. Frank
Etta, Alle.
Forrest, Hattie
Forrester, Allie A.
Freeman, Minnie
Fisk, May (2)
Fielding, Maggie
Grey, Carrie
George, Ida (Circus Rider queen)
Honey, Laura
Howland, Rose (vocalist)
Holman's Opera Co., Mrs.
Howard, Carrie
Irish, Mrs. Annie (2)
Irving, Allie
Kemlo, Louise H.
Kane, Georgie (2)
Lubin, Vivienne
"Little Georgie" (Lingard)
"Lottie"
Moore, Eunice
McCune, Mabel
Mortimer, Annie
Mulvey, Lizzie
Mitchell, Lotaie
Marie, Mad.
Moore, Flora
Morton, Jennie (of Chicago)
Morton, Mrs. J. W.
Mayer, Elia
Montrose, Kate
May, Ettie
Moore Sisters (2)
Newton, Lizzie
Nathan, Miss S. A. (2)
Norton, Frankie
Orsman, Irene
Parker, Georgie
Perley, Josephine
Prescott, Marie
Paddock, Maggie
Mitchell 42d
Russell, Frankie (of Russell Sisters)
Russell, Lottie
Rosemay, Texanna
Richmond, Josie
Raymond, Ida 3c.
Rothern, Jennie
Stevens, Carlotta
Seymour, May
Swain, Carrie
St. Leon, Josie (2) 3c.
St. Felix, Madam
Stickney, Virginia
Searle, Laura (of Rice's Co.)
Schott, Charlotte
Standish, Annie
Sylvester, Emily
Somers, Alice
Sparrow, Miss
Tettenborne, Lena
Tucker, Louise M.
Tooley, Mrs. Hannah
Thornton, Ruby
Thompson, Charlotte
Tiffany, Annie
Ward (3)
Verne, Emma
Vickers, Mattie
Walters, Nellie
Williams, Mrs. M. E.
Wilson, Mollie (vocalist)

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Andress, Chas.
Arnold, T. (of Wallack's Opera Co.)
Arnold, (Dutch "biz")
Aimes, F.
Arnold, A. E.
Ainsley & De Forrest
Archer, J. W.
Allyne, E. T. J.
Ashley, J.
Alward, Gus
Burnell, Sam
Boyle & Mack
Benton, Chas.
Burgess, Cool (2)
Brazzier, R. K. L.
Bens, J. S. (of Macauley's Co.)
Bloom, Mose
Baker, E.
Brandt, John
Brown, H. E.
Barton, James
Brazzier, W. L. P. (2)
Bruno, Harry
Bell, Frank
Bean, Geo. (of Thomson's Co.)
Buck, R. B. (manager)
Brindis, Jos
Barnstide, J. (manager)
Brown, Col. T. A.
Boyd, Clarence
Bland, A.
Binney, F. (of Gibson & Binney)
Burline, Sig. (Juggler)
Byron, Joe
Boyd & Peters
Bush, Ed
Burk, Major
Baughman, J. H. (3)
Brown, Will R. (2)
Bilts, Francois R.
Bond, J. E.
Bloodgood, Harry
Burt, — (of Grand Opera-house, San Francisco)
Bronson, Geo Sc.
Butler, Harry (comedian)
Bingham, — (ventriloquist)
Beck Bros.
Bryant & Saville
Barad J. W.
Bernard, Frank
Burton, Chas. A.
Boniface, Sr., G.C.
Benson, Heath
Bonney & Ryan
Courtright, Wm.
Cotton, Ben
Carroll, M.
Conner, Edmon
Crawford, Robt.
Carey, Geo. (2)
Callan & Mack
Cardello, Chas. W. (2)
Cody, Hon. W. F. (2)
Cook, Chas. E.
Clark, Lew (comedian)
Carroll, John (manager)
Carter, Billy (banjoist)
Call, S. B.
Carroll, Chas. J.
Cummings, Billy (late of Miner's Thea.)
Casmond, D. W.
Curtis & Carroll
Carr, F. B.
Colvin, E. D.
Coup, W. C.
Cole, W. W.
Champion, W. E.
Collins, Frank
Dawson, H. A.
Dixon, J. H.
Doris, J. B. (manager)
Dubois, F. B.
Dawson, H. A.
Ducello, Dan
Denery, Henry
DeMonio, Sig (fire-king)
Dellaven, G. W. (3)
Denport, Harry
Dale, Dan W. (of St. Louis Co.)
Dingle, Geo. A. (4)
Daly, Mr. (of Daytons, The)
Day, Chas. H.
Dorr, Howard
Dodge, Ben
Daily, W. H.
Dale, J. Talbert
Eades, Harry
Eddie, E.
Sargent & Gaston
Flynn, Matt
Fitz, Jr., E. B.
Farot, Wolfe
Fenton, R. E. 9c.
Fallor or Fallon, Chas.
Forepaugh, Adam (2)
Farren, R. P.
Frazier, R. E. (of Sprague's Minstrels)
Foster, John
Forbes, F.
Forbes, Chas.
Forde, T. J.
Foote, Ben
Ferguson, R. V.
Gibson & Bunney
Goldie, Steele
Sallie St. Clair
Gaffney, Andrew
Griffin, Geo. F.
Gotthold, Milton
Green, Jas. (of Minstrels)
Gregory, Chas.
Gaston, Albert

THE FOLLOWING LETTERS for professionals are in the Richmond (Va.) Post-office: Addie Gray, of Haverly's Juvenile Pinafore Co; G. A. Mortimer, E. J. Wetherell, W. H. Langdon, Charles H. Dupree, and The Everett Family.

THERE ARE LETTERS in the Post-office, Hornellsville, N. Y., for: Robert Arthur, of Big Four Minstrels; J. Appleton, Agent Emerson's Minstrels; Al. Emerson, of Emerson Minstrels; Marie Somerville, M. A. Suenger, of Mahn's Opera Co.; John Rickaby, John H. Robb, Kate Claxton, Augustus Cook, Kate Claxton (3), and George Haskins, of Juvenile Pinafore Co.

Answers to Correspondents.

[With the view of relieving the pressure upon our regular "Answers to Correspondents" column, we propose to insert here all replies to questions relating to amusements. Such queries as relate to other matters will be answered in our regular columns, and should be written on separate slips of paper from those asking for information concerning amusements. No answer at all will be made, orally, by mail or by telegraph, to any question that we may have reason to think involves a dispute between individuals. All such will be answered publicly, through our columns.—ED. CLIPPER.]

☞ QUESTIONS THAT DO NOT REACH THIS OFFICE UNTIL MONDAY MORNING WILL NOT BE ANSWERED UNTIL THE FOLLOWING WEEK.

To Our Authorized Correspondents.

In the future please give all routes ahead of combinations upon separate pieces of paper, instead of embodying them in your letters.

S. P., Danville.—I. We cannot say. 2 It is not known when women first appeared upon the stage. The earliest records is of Mrs. Coleman, said to have been the first actress on the stage, who in 1656 performed Calliste in Lieutenant's "Siege of Rhodes," in London, Eng. 3. The only such paper we know of is published in San Francisco, but it concerns itself mainly with the firemen of that city.

R. C., "Canile" was played in this city three years before Matilda Heron was seen in it at Wallack's. Mrs. F. W. Lander was the original here, at the Broadway Theatre. Your information is in error, led into it, no doubt, by the fact that the two ladies presented two different versions of the piece, and Miss Heron's attracted the greater attention.

QUAKER CITY.—1. The author of "Adele the Saleslady" is John A. Mack. He can be addressed through THE CLIPPER Post-office. 2. We cannot say such play. It would be odd, however, if there have not been several plays with that title, especially since its brevity makes it an ideal one for billing purposes.

R. M., Washington.—It probably means that the lady, who was playing South or Southwest during the closing years of the war, was professionally a favorite among the rank and file of that army, or rather so much of it as were quartered near where she performed.

S., Mt. Pleasant.—You had better buy your vaulting-board. It will be cheaper in the end. Among our advertisements will be found that of Mr. Hawkins, who has for years been devoting himself to the manufacture of such things.

A. H. A., Aiken.—The sketch is in all likelihood in manuscript. Had you not better address Col. Wagner, whose movements you will from time to time see recorded in the amusement columns of THE CLIPPER in connection with Barlow, Wilson, Primrose & West's Minstrels?

E. H. L., Waterford.—We answered you a few weeks ago. We have no record that during any of Mary Anderson's engagements in New Orleans she played on a Sunday.

J. C. LYONS.—1. Robinson Hall is no longer in existence. 2. The Buckingham Palace was never Robinson Hall. It is located in Twenty-seventh street, between Sixth and Seventh avenues.

PATERSON, N. J.—In some the charge is the same, while in other houses the charge is usually greater for orchestra chairs. If you in your mind referred to a particular house you should so state the name of it.

W. H. R., Philadelphia.—Theodore Habelman was with the Richings Troupe when he fell and broke his arm at the Philadelphia Academy of Music. He was singing the role of Fra Diavolo.

C. T. D., Minneapolis.—We do not know who furnishes the Hyers Sisters with their window-portraits. Why not address the Hyers Sisters? We know of no one who should be better informed upon this subject.

E. P. C., Boston.—Lotta's husband does not travel with her. There is the best reason in the world for his being left behind. We have yet to hear that he has ever existed.

VARIETY BIOGRAPHIST.—1. She may or may not be the same one. 2. There was no record of her death at that time, at least in our columns. 3. This question we should not answer in any event.

A. S., Kneardine.—1. It has been said that Lawrence Barrett was once a bell-boy in a hotel in Detroit, Mich. 2. We have never heard or seen it said that he was at any time on the minstrel stage.

S. G., Pittsburg.—The Elise Holt Troupe made their first appearance in this city on Feb. 18, 1869, at the Waverly Hall.

PROFESSIONAL, Washington.—"The Lancashire Lass" was not played in your city in 1867. It first production there was on Dec. 7, 1868, at Wall's Opera-house.

W. S. B., Monticello.—Either watch for them in our amusement columns, or address them in care of THE CLIPPER Post-office.

A TRAGEDIAN, Jersey City.—The wardrobe could be disposed of to the best advantage by advertising it for sale, it seems to us.

MRS. F. E. BURTON of Philadelphia wishes to learn of the whereabouts of Charles Burton, comedian, late of the Louise Pomeroy Combination.

M. U. M., Louisiana.—1. Mme. Janauschek has been playing in this country since the Fall of 1867. 2. The lady would not thank us for making her age public.

ALDERMAN.—We cannot say whether the lady is of German extraction or not. A note addressed to the Theatre Comique might elicit the information.

MRS. M. S. MARX of Council Bluffs, Ia., wishes the address of Joseph McBride. To the variety profession he is better known, we believe, as Joe Mack.

T. W. WALTERS of Opdyke, Jefferson County, Ill., is anxious to get the address of Wm. Burke, clown, formerly of Waterford, O.

F. A. K., Danville.—We are unwilling to discriminate as to schools of that class, of the best of which for the purpose in view we have no very favorable opinion.

J. MCC., Philadelphia.—Miss Rose Coghlan made her American debut at Wallack's Theatre, this city, in "A Happy Pair."

J. W.—Possibly they have suspended operations. We have no information as to their whereabouts that does not appear in our amusement columns.

SUBSCRIBER, Hamilton.—Let it prove that there is such a journal: otherwise he will lose. There is no necessity for shifting this task upon our shoulders.

E. C. S., Waterbury.—For "The Color Guard" address Charles Collins, Dutch comedian, care of THE CLIPPER Post-office.

——, Philadelphia.—Performers, agents and managers make up too formidable a body for us to attempt to follow individually except in our amusement columns.

J. F., Flower Landing.—The late James Fisk Jr. was colonel of the Ninth Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y.

A SUBSCRIBER, Toronto.—It depends upon the kind of information that is desired.

S. B. A. Co.—"Pinafore" was first produced in London, Eng., on May 25, 1878, and in this city on Jan. 15, 1879.

C. W. T., Boston.—Miss May Davenport has played in "Dan'l Druce."

J. W. H.—The Stadt Theatre, this city, has a larger seating capacity than any other theatre in this country.

TINKER.—General Grant Jr., the dwarf, was at one time known as Major Newell.

H. T., Beacon.—The original Blind Tom, so far from being dead, is still playing the piano in public.

W. O. H., Iowa City.—Maggie Mitchell was born in this city.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Alliance.—Address them in care of THE CLIPPER Post office.

E. M., Keyser.—1. There is no particular way of forming such an organization. 2. We do not recognize the name.

F. N. B., Boston.—Maybelle Lotta was born in 1847. She was certainly not born later.

OYSTER BAY, Boston.—Junius Brutus Booth died in November, 1852.

ALBANY, N. Y.—We have not been informed of his death.

ANXIOUS, Providence.—We have never been inside of it.

NAPOLEON.—See answer to "F. N. D., Boston."

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, Feb. 23, 1880.

Little-hatchet day, and anniversary of the birth of one of the immortal names not born to die, likewise of one who *could* not tell a lie. We are celebrating these remarkable events to-day; at least we are *trying* to keep them green in our memory, although, compared with the interest manifested on similar occasions in bygone years, we do not come up quite as smiling as the dictates of patriotism would suggest. Beneath the broad canopy of heaven and the colored stripes and stars of our standard, we this morning gathered together the few remaining veterans of the War of 1812 and the survivors of the Mexican conflict, and, with the shrill shriek of a twenty-five-cent fife and the rattle of a dollar-drum as an accompaniment, we escorted that grand old patriot, Washington Square, and showed them the spot where reposes the corner-stone of the Washington Monument, which, although watered by the tears of wailing widows and weeping maidens, has not yet come to the surface, or burst the cerements and confines it to its mother earth. Our remarks were listened to in silence, except when a sudden outburst of applause attested the cogency of our reasoning and the indisputability of our facts. Then we united in the procession, and, with music ringing the ramparts that defend the fountain against the insidious wiles of the small boy, we reminded the assemblage that on the very spot we then occupied a monument to Washington was talked of one hundred years ago! For half a century the morning was ushered to the fountain, hoping to see a monument rear its colossal head towards the sky, two inches higher than ever Haman hung. Alas! no! The soil was unproductive, and to this day the statue remains in statu quo. Cars and omnibuses, and the fashionable move down towards Fourteenth street; and here, in sight of O'Connors' billiard-saloon, and in full view of the street-car passengers, came we to a halt in front of all that we have to show in memory of the man who was said to be first in the hearts of his countrymen! This we could do, but that remains of our old commander! Every head was uncovered as we delivered this oration. This, we repeated in stentorian tones, is our little tribute to the great truth-teller, whose works do live after him. The procession then moved down to the park, we said, extending our good right hand towards the west, is A. Lincoln. The only difference between the two monuments is that Washington is seated astride a bronze horse, while Lincoln is afoot, with his manly hands around his back, and his pants low when the statue of George was set up; while, on the other hand, there was a corner in stage-propellers when Abraham was "stood off" against the immortal one. Eyes, albeit unused to the melting mood, moistened as we gave utterance to these sad truths, and there was not a dry eye in the concourse of spectators as we left George and Abraham alone in their glory. It was but a short stretch from the Union to Madison square. At the latter, facing Fifth avenue, we proudly pointed to the gigantic forearm and good right hand of what, probably, is intended to be the beginning of a heroic monument to Washington! It is in an erect position, and holds a torch, or, more properly speaking, one of Edison's horseshoe-lamps, at the height of the wrist to the many hotels by which the square is environed. More trees, more cheers, and more beers. [We ought to state, in justice to our City Fathers, that the expenses of the refreshments we, singlehanded, bore without a murmur.—ED.] Turning to the left, we were originally elected to this city Feb. 17, 1879. It proved to be as entertaining as ever, and attracted a fair attendance. The cast differed from that of its first production thus: Wm. Cullington replaced George Stoddart as Major Macgrillen Iddy; W. J. Scanlan as Mr. Bigge; and Annie Macallister: Miss Marie Chester, Miss Minnie Palmer as Mistress and Miss Agnes Elliott, Miss Marie Chester as Parker. The performances of Mr. Ferguson and Miss Chester were far superior to those of their predecessors. Miss Chester's conception and embodiment of Belinda Treherne to the success of this burlesque-comedy is almost entirely due, has elaborated her portraiture so that it has now become a gem of artistic and refined burlesque acting. James Lewis' Cheviot Hill was as mildly eccentric as ever, and Belvawney by J. E. Whiting, Mr. Symperson by W. F. Owen, Mrs. Macfarlane by Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, and Maggie by Miss Sydney Cowell were all excellent impersonations.

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"THE MULLIGAN GUARDS' SURPRISE," the fifth of the Mulligan-guard series, written by Edward Harrigan, was produced for the first time on any stage, in the Theatre Comique, Feb. 16, in the presence of a densely crowded audience, and during the rest of the week all who applied for admission could not be accommodated. The cast of chvracters was thus: Dan Mulligan...Ed. Harrigan
Mrs. Rebecca Allup..T. Hart
Capt. Simpson Primrose, John Wild
Rev. Palestine Puter, Wm. Gray
Planxty McFudd, Welsh Edwards
Roger Dunleavy.....E. Burt
Gustavus Lochmuller, Harry Fisher
Dick Dublin and Mrs. Dublin.....John Queen
Walsingham Mcsweeny, M. Bradley
Dr. Algernon Winterbottom.....Ed Goss
Ichabod Carpe....Wm. West
Mrs. Ichabod Carpe, Joe Buckley
Lunar Crater, John Wild; Fiery Mountain, Billy Gray.
LUMINARIES AND SATELLITES.
Edward Goss, Jas. Tierney, Robert Hall,
T. Cronin, Chas. Sheffer, Thos. Ray,
M. Foley, John Mealey, J. Fitzsimmons,
Wm. West, J. Rourke, Morgan Benson,
Jas. Fox, A. Dickins, Jas. McCullough.
Jos. Buckley,

The piece is similar in construction to those which have preceded it; but in this version the Skidmore Guard do not appear, their places being supplied by the regular and honorary members of a noted secret order of shared people called "The Dull Moons," who parade in their lodge-regalia. The play is filled with comical incidents and situations, the dialogue is funny, and many of the expressions are quaint and ludicrous. Judging from the laughter and applause, which were almost incessant throughout the evening, we may say that not only has a success been achieved, but that the piece will, probably, have as long a run as any of its predecessors. Dave Braham, who composed the music for all the songs and of a taking overture, is to be complimented for his effective work. Charles W. Witham, the scenic-artist, has exerted his skill in a praiseworthy manner. The first scene, representing the interior of Allup's flat, is a fine piece of scenery, and the Bay of Algiers being especially efficient in their respective parts. Opening in scene 2: the Little Novelty Four, Fannie Beane and Charles Gilday, Dilks and Wade, Fannie Davenport, D'Alve Sisters, Dave Reed, and Goldie, Steele and Sallie St. Clair.

THE LONDON THEATRE continues to receive a liberal share of public patronage, which is deserved by the excellent and ever-varying bill-of-fare. Last week there was given an abundant supply of the comic element, including Kelly and Ryan in their "Sparkling" creations, Hines and Blanchard in Ethiopian songs-and-dances, and the Mendels in German specialties, one and all adording many an opportunity for hearty laughter. Fred Hallen and Enid Hart in "Pinafore in Fifteen Minutes" and Daisy Washington in serio-comic songs were also valuable accessories for keeping up the fun. Tom English in instrumental solos afforded fresh proofs of his musical ability, and Viola Clifton in sensational changes displayed her fine form and handsome costumes. The Jackita-chy's Japanese Troupe, Manchester and Jennings, Kelly and Saville, Charley Diamond, T. F. Grant, A. W. Sawyer, Master Roberts and Pauline Batchellor are billed for Feb. 23.

AT THE VOLKS' GARDEN the same varied entertainment that has hitherto commanded success appeared to yield satisfaction to patrons all through the week, when the new faces were the Arnold Brothers in clever clog-dancing, Morgan and Mullen in "Christmas Eve"—an amusing illustration of Irish life—Bobby Lally as "Jumping-Jack," Paddy Hughes in Hibernian songs and sayings, Harry Lloyd in topical songs, Cent Harre in serio-comic vocalism, Irene Kerns in songs-and-dances, and "Muldoon's Picnic," which, though mentioned last, formed by no means the least attractive feature in an admirable bill, and gave T. L. Brooks as Mike Muldoon an opportunity of appearing in one of his happiest personations, besides introducing Lillie Ross and Carrie Edwards in a glove contest. Billed Feb. 23: The Sparks Brothers, Louis and Emma Alfredo, Ned Conner and Maud Stanley, Alfred Andrey, Lucy Forrest, John D. Griffin, Frank Bolton and Ada Bradford, Hogan Brothers and the Olympia Quartet.

MANAGER DICK PARKER has labored successfully towards promoting the amusement of the numerous patrons of the American Theatre, where the attractions were augmented last week by the appearance of Bryant and Saville in an act displaying their proficiency as instrumentalists and comedians; the Jackita-chy Japanese Troupe in their specialties, exhibiting wonderful dexterity; and the Ashtons in a capital contortion-act: Master Edwards and the Sparks Brothers in Irish eccentricities, showing their respective abilities in this peculiar line; and the Leslie Brothers in an antipodean acrobatic act, which elicited well-earned applause. On the bill for Feb. 23 include J. W. McAndrews in his drama entitled "The Ranger," Ed and Tom Haley, Harry Bennett, Geo. W. Anderson and Harry G. Lambkin.

A VARIED AND WELL-SELECTED PROGRAMME afforded an agreeable entertainment to the patrons of the Bijou last week, when the following new faces appeared: Frank Jones and Alice Montague in the sketch entitled "Mix-tures," and Cooper and Edwards in grotesque songs-and-dances, afforded much amusement. Kennedy and Rooney, whose delineations of specific faithful portrayals of Southern plantation life; Mme. Anderson in character-songs, which earned applause; Eurardo in a graceful and daring balancing trapeze-act; and Hardy and Haley in neat Irish songs-and-dances. Idaletta and Wallace, Barretto and Gonzales, Minnie Gough, Howard and Coyne, Foster and Hughes, Gibson and Binney and Harry Mack are the new faces on Feb. 23.

"ENGAGED" was revived Feb. 16 in the Park Theatre, where it was originally acted in this city Feb. 17, 1879. It proved to be as entertaining as ever, and attracted a fair attendance. The cast differed from that of its first production thus: Wm. Cullington as Sir Marmaduke Idy; T. J. Riggs as Belvawney; Miss Marie Chester, Miss Minnie Palmer as Mistress and Miss Agnes Elliott, Miss Marie Chester as Parker. The performances of Mr. Ferguson and Miss Chester were far superior to those of their predecessors. Miss Chester's conception and embodiment of Belinda Treherne to the success of this burlesque-comedy is almost entirely due, has elaborated her portraiture so that it has now become a gem of artistic and refined burlesque acting. James Lewis' Cheviot Hill was as mildly eccentric as ever, and Belvawney by J. E. Whiting, Mr. Symperson by W. F. Owen, Mrs. Macfarlane by Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, and Maggie by Miss Sydney Cowell were all excellent impersonations.

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GRACE BENNETT left Feb. 22 to join J. K. Emmet's Combination, in consequence of the illness of Mrs. Emmet.

GEORGE CLARKE is reported as having been engaged at the Madison-square Theatre.

"HIAWATHA," E. E. Rice's new musical extravaganza, received its first representation at the Standard Theatre Feb. 21, and may be put down as having started on a successful career. A large audience gave the most unmistakable marks of its approval to the piece in hearty applause and incessant laughter. It is overbrimming with extravagant nonsense from beginning to end, and its ludicrous situations, witticisms, including the most heart-rending puns and pretty melodies, are certain to make it enjoyable even to the most dyspeptic listener who may seek burlesque for an antidote. The story is of tissue lightness, and relates the wooing of Minnehaha by her numerous lovers, and the victory of Hiawatha in a burlesque contest, as the sequel. No opportunities seem to be lost to put in the most comical absurdities, and criticism at its methods evaporates in laughter. The librettist, Nathaniel Childs, has been happy in fitting the farcical burlesque characters so as to display the talents of the clever artists of this company to excellent advantage, and Alice Atherton's Hiawatha, handsome in dress and handsomer in face and form, with the addition of being sprightly acted; the dry and laughable personation of the sly old Quaker, William Penn Brown, by Willie Edonin Harrison and Dixey's comicalities as the Siamese Twins, Remus Brown and Romulus Rambler, W. Howard Mc. Ley, in which he makes one of the funniest characters of the piece; Lina Merville's graceful acting as Yenadizzi; Marian Elmore's admirably acted burlesque squaw, Mrs. Lo; Florence J. Baker's taking Sally Brown; and Marian Singer as a vocally effective Minnehaha are evidences of this fact. A large measure of the success attained must, however, be credited to the ability with which these performers filled out the requirements of their roles especially when they were well seconded by those in the minor parts. Musically the work is, in places, more ambitious than Mr. Rice's former efforts, and this is particularly noticeable in the concerted numbers. There are some very effective choruses, as the opening one, "The Sun Arises," and taking music in Minnehaha's song "Bubble, Bubble," and the finale to the first scene, "Good-bye for a Little While." The closing number of Act 1, "Ah! Never More Sadly!" is also very attractive and a pretty duet in the second act, "Tea and Toast and Kisses," made vocally suggestive of the latter, in which Minnehaha and Hiawatha indulge, is sure to be a feature. A double quartet in the usual operabouffe conspirators' style, "Indians Never Lie," in which there is much of the then music contributes to make it decidedly comical, is another number that is certain of a popular encore. The chorus "The Shooters," a duet and chorus "God of Love," and the solo and chorus "He's Won" (by the lengthy encore of the last act are likewise worthy of mention, both for their melody and arrangement. The most of the other melodies partake strongly of the song-and-dance school, and while they are pretty or funny, as the case may be, are not extraordinary. The general character of the music does not differ materially from Mr. Rice's former efforts, excepting in attempting more in some of the scores than we have hitherto noticed. His ambition in this respect has, however, led to clever writing, and Manager Henderson has put the play on in handsome shape, and one of the scenes in the first act, representing a mountainous, woody region, with a rustic bridge crossing a waterfall at the back, was very picturesque and fully deserving of the applause it received. The chorus did excellently, but the orchestra was not as proficient as it may be. The performance was given with so much dash and spirit and with so few noticeable errors that it hardly appeared a first-night recital. The piece was, therefore, judged in good form, and is certainly a welcome companion, musically and sensically, to the composer's former and successful effort, "Evangeline." The cast includes, besides the se mentioned above: District-telegraph Boy, Jennie Calef; Honey Dew, Pauline Hall; Hazel Dell, Nellie Beaumont; Ma-Ara-Ge-Wa, Miss Baker; Mrs. P. Steele; Dr. Sawbones Landis, Donald Harold; Scar-face Charley, Andrew Metzger; Sweet-face William, Edward Aiken. The extravaganza is billed until further notice.

MUSICAL NOTES.—The first of a series of organ and harp matinees was given at Chickering Hall Feb. 18 by Geo. W. Morgan and his daughter, Maud Morgan. Miss Gertrude Franklin was the vocalist. .....Harrison Millard gave his annual concert at Chickering Hall Feb. 18. The performers included Mme. L. Bouvier, soprano; Miss Annie E. Beere, contralto; Fred Steins, baritone; Frank V. Markwalk, tenor; H. N. Bartlett and Sig. Agramonte, pianists; F. F. Muller, organist; and Mr. Millard's little daughter, who sang several familiar songs, making her first appearance in public.....Berlioz's "La Damnation de Faust" was repeated by the Symphony Society Feb. 18, and met

"OUR MINNIE."

IN MEMORY OF MINNIE CRISP (MRS R. E. FRENCH).

It *tears* could bring our darling back,
We should not mourn her now—
"Our Minnie," with the loving heart
And girlish, sunny brow.

If *prayers* could win her back to us,
How dare we breathe them here?
What is this world, so heartless, cold,
To Heaven's sublimer sphere?

Gentle and loving, pure and fair,
God took her to His breast;
Blossom and bud lie faded here—
Mother and child *at rest*. WER MOTHER.

Deceased was the daughter of Jessie Crisp and grandchild of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Crisp (not daughter, as we had been informed), and a niece of Henry and Cecelia Crisp and Mrs. Howard Rogers. She was 20 years and 8 months of age, and the cause of her death was puerperal fever. In our issue dated Jan. 24 brief mention of her demise was made, and in that of Feb. 21 fuller particulars were recorded.

THREE POPULAR STARS PITTED AGAINST ONE ANOTHER.—Our Boston, Mass., correspondent, under date of Feb. 22 wrote as under:

Three of the most attractive lady stars in the country have simultaneously appeared at the same number of our theatres during the week just closed; but the greater novelty has been attached to the reappearance of Adelaide Neilson, who commenced a fortnight's engagement in the Globe Theatre Feb. 16 as Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet," which character was repeated 18, 20, the remaining nights and Saturday matinee being devoted to the revival of "The Twelfth Night," in which the lady was seen for the first times here as Viola. Since her last appearance, seven years ago, Miss Neilson has gained immeasurably in all the qualities which go to make the true artist, and her Juliet bears evidence of the closest study, which, allied to her natural aptitude and sympathy for the part of the hapless heroine, make the character in her hands a model Juliet. If her assumption of Camlet's fair daughter was so satisfying, that of Viola was even more charming and pleasing. To the finest and most delicate acting there is added a graceful and dainty manner, which befits the part to a nicety, and through out the play there is nothing but true womanly feeling exhibited, and it permeated the audience and aroused the most ardent and hearty approbation, though not of the boisterous sort. The supporting company, collectively, are much above the average, and the perfect drill they have received during the season has manifested itself in the more than respectable manner in which these two plays have been acted. Edward Compton made an excellent Romeo, earnest and fiery, without bombast or mawkishness, and one of the most wholly satisfactory Romeos we have seen of late. Hisi Malvolio was also a masterpiece of acting. The great scene in the third act was played in the most intelligent and impressive manner, the overweening vanity and selfishness of the crafty steward finding a true counterpart. Frank W. Sanger as Mercutio found many admirers, and he was complimented with a recall at the close of the death-scene. H. A. Weaver is an old favorite in Boston. His Friar Laurence has often been seen before, but his rendition of Sir Toby Belch was a surprise by the genuine humor and good taste which prevailed. The Sebastian of W. G. Regnier was remarkable for its likeness to the Viola, and for its finished and well-considered piece of acting. Charles H. Bradshaw's reputation had preceded him, and as Sir Andrew Aguecheek he made good his claim as a quiet, unobtrusive and quaintly comical actor. The rest of the support has been in every way adequate, and the mounting of the plays has been excellent. A large audience was present 16, and during the rest of the week the theatre was filled to overflowing. "Cymbeline" will be acted 23, for the first time since May 21, 1856 (when it was performed at the Boston Theatre for the benefit of H. F. Daly), and will be repeated the rest of the week, excepting 26 and matinee 28, when "The Twelfth Night" and "As You Like It" form the bill. March 1 Robson and Crane in "Our Bachelors." P. A. Somers, late of the Gaiety Theatre, has resumed his former place at this house as master-machinist.....Any new impersonation by Mary Anderson is interesting and worthy of particular note; therefore her first appearance as the Countess in "Love' drew both large and critical audiences to the Boston Theatre the first three evenings and Saturday matinee of last week. Artistically this may be considered one of if not the best of the several characters played by the young actress, and in it more true, natural talent is manifested, though with the general public Julia and Parthenia still possess their supremacy. The play has been shelved so long as to leave but few traditional traces to be guided by, and for this reason more originality and true dramatic insight are developed than in the other and more familiar characterizations the actress has so far favored us with. Particular mention may be made of her scene in act third, where Hugo is injured by the fallen tree, and where her love is intensely shown for the serf, and in the scenes with the Empress in the last act, both being played in a powerful and effective manner. The support averaged good. Mr. Warwick as Huon, barring his maturity, played earnestly and forcibly, but conventionally, and Mrs. Barry gave a brilliant and fascinating personation of Old Nurse, sharing with Mr. Lawrence, the Sir Rupert, a call before the scene. H. B. Norman displayed his elocutionary powers to advantage as the Duke, and Mr. Price and Mr. Chipman of the regular company filled the parts of Ulrick and Sir Frederick in an able manner. In answer to the general demand, Miss Anderson repeated Parthenia in "Ingomar" 19, 20, and, for her benefit evening of 21, appeared for the first time this season as Pauline in "The Lady of Lyons," George Riddle volunteering as Claude and Mrs Barry playing Widow Melnotte. Business throughout the week has been very large, there being no vacant seats 18 and 21. "The Galley Slave" will receive its first production in this city 23 by a company composed of Lillie Glover, Marie Prescott, Nellie Bloomfield, Nellie Sanford, Little Eva Carpenter, Joseph F. Wheelock, Frank E. Aiken, Owen Fawcett, Junius B. Booth, John T. Herne, Joseph C. Arlington, Harry Fielding and J. Wat's. Following this play, the Ideal Company reappear, and during their season Von Suppe's new opera "Boccaccio," which is being studied by the artists, will be produced.....Joseph Jefferson makes an early appearance here.....Boucicault's Irish play of "Daddy O'Dowd," which obtained such success on the occasion of its original production at the Boston Museum, Dec. 31, 1874, when it enjoyed a run of four weeks, being again revived for ten perf rmances, commencing Feb. 15, 1875, was reproduced at that theatre 16, and has received a good measure of success during the seven performances given. Mr. Warren's portraiture of the Irish patriarch Michael (Daddy) O'Dowd needs no commendation now, as it stands as one of the best of his latter day presentations, full of homely and rugged truth and pathos, which are so happily blended as to bring it visibly in bold relief, and stamping it as one of his most artistic and happiest efforts. The good acting on the part of the remainder of the ladies and gentlemen of the company made the performance wholly enjoyable, the cast being: Michael O'Dowd Jr., J. S. Haworth; Tom Greenough, R. R. Graham; Lord John Forester, Alfred Hudson; Romsey Leeke, G. W. Wilson; Lord Oasidew, J. B. Mason; Colpoys, L. J. Lorin; Murty, J. Nolan; Jemmy Chalker, J. H. Jones; Blake, J. H. Ring; Post-office Clerk, G. A. Schiller; Footman, C. B. Moffit; Gossoon Andy, Master Willie Wilson; Carman, E. Shannon; Lady Gwendoline Loftus, Miss May Davenport; Bridget O'Dowd, Mrs. J. R. Vincent; Kitty O'Dowd, Miss Sadie Martinot; Mrs. Dudley Fowler, Miss Alice Carle; Mary McGrath, Miss Kate Ryan. During his late sojourn at this house, the author directed the rehearsals of his play. The piece was mounted in the same admirable manner that marked its original production, the sets in the three acts being both picturesque and complete. The farce of "A Regular Fix," with Mr. Barron as Hugh De Brass, commenced the entertainment. That admirable actress and most estimable lady Mrs. J. R. Vincent received her annual benefit evening of 21, when "The Ticket-of-leave Man" was given for the first time in several years before a large audience, the beneficiary appearing as Mrs. Willoughby, and Mr. Barron and Miss Davenport as Bob Brierly and May Edwards. "A Regular Fix" and "Daddy O'Dowd" are to be repeated for the last times during the week beginning 23, including an extra holiday matinee on that day, the evening of 28 being set apart for the benefit of Mr. Wilson, who will present his well-known old-fashioned farce bill, consisting of "A Phenomenon in a Smock Frock" "The Lottery Ticket," "Two Buzzards," and "My Aunt Charlotte's Maid." March 1, Burdett's play of "Paris," adapted by T. R. Sullivan; 15, the musical bill of "Robin onade and the Lark." Lester Wallack may appear here in the early Spring.....In the reconstruction of the establishment, which will be commenced June 1, two of the stores in Tremont street, under the theatre, will be utilized, the lower one as an entrance leading from that direction directly across the Common square.....Manager Abbey deemed it unnecessary and inexpedient to produce any fresh play at the Park Theatre during the last week of the engagement of Lotta, which ended 21, the most familiar pieces of this lady's repertory being attractive enough to overcrowd the theatre each evening, and at the matinee Saturday "Musette" was consequently kept on the bill 16, 17, 18, and matinee 21, and "Zip" presented for the first times here 19, 20, 21. The entire engagement has been one of unexampled success, and the most profitable ever played by a star since this theatre opened. John T. Raymond commences 23 as Colonel Sellers, to be followed by "Wolfert's Roost" 26, and rest of the week.....Mr. D. P. Bowers is mentioned as having been engaged as principal female support to Edwin Booth during his forthcoming engagement.....J. S. Cox of the Park Theatre, Philadelphia, is also spoken of as the leader of the orchestra during the Summer season......"All the Rage" during its third week at the Gaiety Theatre has held its own well, considering the attractions offered at the neighboring theatres, the house on the evening of 21 being crowded. It will be continued two weeks longer. E. A. Locke supplanting Charles Harkins 23 as Charley Grasper, after which it will give way to Tony Denier and his "Humpty Dumpty" Combination.....Hooley's Palace of Minstrelsy, as the Novelty Theatre will hereafter be called, is to open as a permanent home of refined minstrelsy March 1, with the Negatherians as attractions. Among Mr. Hooley's ads will be Nat Homer, business-manager.....The floor of Park Opera-house, with the mammoth painting and furniture, is to be offered for sale at public auction 23. The building is to be removed.....M. M. Loud formerly connected with the Boston Museum, Boston Theatre and Howard Athenæum as an actor or juvenile parts, and who has been lost sight of for several years, turns up as a member of the State Legislature from Abington.....J. H. McVicker of Chicago will manage a starring season for Thomas W. Keene, commencing next Fall.....Miss Annie Clarke has so far recovered from her late severe sickness as to warrant the announcement of her reappearance at the Boston Museum next (this) week.....Bartley Campbell has been in town the past week superintending the production of his "Galley Slave.".....Fred Stinson, relieved from the cares of management, is busy writing a new comedy.....Harrigan & Hart are in negotiation with one of our managers for the production of "The Mulligan Guard" series of plays during the coming Summer.....William D Gemmill of the Philadelphia Chestnut-street Theatre plays Hamlet here next season.....F. F. Rice and J. E. Nunnemacher produce Herne and Belasco's new play "Hearts of Oak" the coming Spring.....J. H. Haverly's name is again used in connection with the building of a new theatre, the site selected this time being upon Columbus avenue.

Farrar & Clarke, managers of an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Troupe, are in the city, where they remain till after Lent, when they again take the road.....Business has been so good at our theatres since the commencement of the Lenten season that our managers would like to see the forty days and nights of fasting prolonged indefinitely..... Mrs. L. F. Seymour and son Willie, stage-manager of the Boston Museum, were witnesses of Miss Neilson's Viola at the Globe Theatre 19.....George Riddle being one of the instructors at Harvard College, it was necessary to procure the consent of President Eliot for his appearance at the Boston Theatre. This Miss Anderson obtained at a special visit paid to the learned pundit.

ACCIDENT.—The Bandmann Company arrived in Indianapolis, Ind., Feb. 15, unaccompanied by Mr. Bandmann, who was compelled to remain in Dayton, O., on account of a severe accident which befell him during his engagement there. Our correspondent writes: "While returning from the theatre to his hotel, Mr. B. violently struck his knee against an obstruction on the sidewalk, imagining what was not thought to be a serious injury. Erysipelas subsequently set in, however, and the tragedian was compelled to take to his bed. As a consequence, the company opened at the Park Theatre here under circumstances that were peculiarly distressing to them and most obnoxious to the management, the patronage during the week being very light. 'Romeo and Juliet' was given 16, 'Lady of Lyons' 17 'Narcisse' 18, 19, in which Henry Averling ably sustained the title-role, and 'Narcisse' is announced for matinee and 'Don Cæsar de Bazan' and 'The Corsican Brothers' night, with 25 cents to all parts of the house for both performances .... Maude Grubbs (professionally known as Maude Stuart) is here on a visit—her former home....."The Galley Slave' will be acted in the Park 23, 24, 25; Minnie Palmer's 'Boarding School' 26, 27, 28.....Harry Wharfe, business-manager of the E. T. Goodrich Combination, is in town. The company opens at the Coliseum, Cincinnati, March 1, for one week, and then takes the road with Harry Hasgood in advance.....Hon. Wm. H. English—a wealthy citizen—left for the East 16 to inspect, as reported, some of the first-class theatres of that section, with a view of erecting a spacious theatre in this city the coming Summer—a structure capable of accommodating large assemblages. It will be erected on a portion of his property on Circle street, on which stands the building in which Henry Ward Beecher ministered when a young and comparatively obscure clergyman, 'many years ago.' It is said Will E. English will be the active manager of the venture, assisted by an experienced Eastern man.....'My Partner' is due at the Grand Opera-house March 2, 3, 4.....Mr. Bandmann has instituted a suit for heavy damages against the city of Dayton, O."

CHARLES FOSTER in his drama "Saved at Seven" announces that he has a few open dates from Feb. 23. In his card elsewhere he speaks of the favor with which his play has been received.

Con tinued on Page 396.

AMUSEMENTS.

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OR A POOL AND HIS MONEY,
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with a specially selected cast, including Rachel Sanger, Ada Gilman, Marie Chester, Lily George, James Lewis, W. J. Ferguson, W. F. Owen, J. G. Saville and William Cullington.
Entire new scenery by Hoyt, Heister and Maeder.
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MR. LESTER WALLACK.....in.....MY AWFUL DAD
MR. LESTER WALLACK.....in.....MY AWFUL DAD
Monday, March 1, last week of Mr. Lester Wallack. A SCRAP OF PAPER. Monday, March 8, J. K. Emmet as FRITZ. MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY. [1

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HIAWATHA.
HIAWATHA.
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OR A JOLLY DAY AT THE PICNIC.
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WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY MATINEES at 2 P. M.
This delightful and witty entertainment will be presented with
NEW AND BEAUTIFUL SCENERY,
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TO CIRCUS

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

EUROPEAN NOVELTIES.

"Le Nabab,"

a five-act comedy, adapted by Pierre Elzear from the novel bearing the same name, has been presented with success at the Vaudeville Theatre, Paris. A correspondent of *The Era* (London) thus describes the new piece: "The Nabob is one Bernard Jansoulet, the son of a poor peasant woman at St. Romans, in Provence, who began life in the humble station of a porter at Marseilles, whence he started off one fine morning, in company with his comrade Hemerlingue, for Tunis. There both realize enormous fortunes, and both come to take up their residence in Paris. Their old friendship has been, however, broken, for Hemerlingue married a liberated slave, an intriguing, ambitious woman, once Jansoulet's mistress, who hates the Nabob with the bitterest hatred, not only because he cast her off, but also because he revealed the secret of her birth; she has accordingly sworn to accomplish his downfall and ruin. He Jansoulet arrives in Paris with his millions, and also with all the vanity, self-content, and love of enjoyment which the possession of such riches can confer. He keeps open house, and his purse is as much at the disposal of his acquaintances as his table. The people by whom he is surrounded naturally belong to the adventurer class; they drink his wine, tax his hospitality to the full, and at the end of each dinner come one after the other to ask for a fragment of his cheque-book, while at the same time not one of them loses an opportunity of laughing at him behind his back. The Nabob's hand is always open; he gives to all, right and left, without counting, rejoiced in being able thus to show of his wealth. His beneficent nature is as warm and good in middle age as it was in his boyhood; indeed, it continues too confiding, for one finds it hard to imagine how the former Marseilles porter, who must have been roughly jostled in his uphill struggle, can have learnt so little of the world's wisdom as to carry his heart on his sleeve and offer himself a willing victim to all the scamps of the Boulevard. This basis of the piece seems to me thoroughly false. That a man who has amassed so many millions at the court of a Bey or of a Viceroy should be a simpleton I cannot well bring myself to imagine. After a necessarily intimate acquaintance with Levantine intrigue and corruption, it is odd, to say the least, that he should allow himself to be plucked by the hawks of Paris. From end to end of the piece, however, just as in the novel, Jansoulet is a mere child, unable to discover any means of defeating the machinations of his enemies, and submitting to be crushed without resistance. He is not long in the French capital before he fails ardently in love with a strange, eccentric creature, Felicia Ruys, daughter of a sculptor, and a sculptor herself, whose name was made famous at the last salon by a bust she exhibited of the Duke de Mora. The Duke has conceived a violent passion for this girl, but Felicia resists his suit, for she loves someone in secret, and this someone is a young advocate, who has come to the Nabob with a letter from the old mother of the latter, and who becomes Jansoulet's secretary. Throughout all his vicissitudes, in riches as in poverty, the Nabob's affection for his 'vieille maman' has never weakened, and the sight of her handwriting at once brings tears to his eyes. Paul, for the young man is so called, is very honest and proud, very unlike the swarm of parasites who surround the unfortunate hero. His love, however, is already given, not to Felicia, but to Aline Joyeuse, daughter of a poor and upright bookkeeper, who had been turned out of Hemerlingue's employ because he would not wink at the questionable practices of that wealthy personage. In the novel Jansoulet is married, and to a wife who fills a considerable space on M. Daudet's canvas; on the stage of the Vaudeville he is a bachelor aspiring to the hand of the celebrated Felicia Ruys. He has engaged her to execute his bust, and during one of the sittings he gives her in her studio makes her an offer of his name and fortune. The artist, however, scarcely listens to this honorable proposal, so full are her thoughts of young Paul De Gery. The Nabob has imagined that if he can only succeed in bringing the Bey of Tunis to France, and give him a splendid fete at his Chateau of St. Romans, he will be able to overcome the evil effects of the Hemerlingues' enmity and raise his name in French society. Madame Hemerlingue defeats this plan by bribing the guard of the train, which passes through St. Romans without stopping, and Jansoulet returns crestfallen and exasperated to Paris. An unexpected piece of good luck falls in his way at that very moment; the all-powerful Duke de Mora offers him an official candidature in Corsica, and he is elected Deputy on the same day that opens the salon in which figures his bust by Felicia Ruys. In the midst of her triumph as an artist the singular girl learns that Paul's affection is given to Aline, and, rejecting Jansoulet's renewed offer, she only thinks of rushing to her ruin, and writes to the Duke, giving him an assignation. In the novel this latter *liaison* proves fatal to Mora's already undermined constitution; but in the comedy Felicia, when she comes to throw herself into his arms, learns that death has been beforehand to take her place. The vestibule of the Palais Bourbon, which was the residence of the President of the Corps Legislatif, as it is now that of M. Gambetta, President of the Chamber of Deputies, is thronged by the persons who have hurried to inscribe their names in the visitors' book. And in their midst appears the eccentric Felicia, who, in an access of ridiculous folly, that nothing can explain, writes after her signature the words 'maitresse du Duc de Mora,' a not unmusical freak, without rhyme or reason, that really makes too great a demand on the forbearance of an audience. Such an absurd caprice as this is utterly incomprehensible. No grief for the Duke's death is more sincere than Jansoulet's, for with Mora perishes his only hope and support. The validity of his election is not only challenged on the ground of bribery, but he is accused of having committed an infamous calling ten years previously. This charge is a calumny, but he hardly dares to repudiate it, for the namesake implicated was his brother, and to justify himself he would thus have to reveal the disgrace of his own family. The final scene brings us to the Salle des Pas Perdus of the Corps Legislatif on the day when the Nabob's election is to be examined into. Madame Hemerlingue is there triumphant; she it is who inspired the horrid accusation against her enemy, she has succeeded in having the report on his return drawn up in favor of invalidation, and to her also are due the criminal proceedings set on foot that day against a credit company in which the whole of his huge fortune is invested. Jansoulet's first intention is to reply to the defamers, and to refute their charges by boldly speaking out the truth, painful though it is to do so. Suddenly, however, he perceives his mother, the *vieille maman*, who, for the first time in her life, has left her country home, and has come in her long widow's cap to see her son, the Deputy, in Paris; she had missed him when she called at his mansion, and has sought him at the Corps Legislatif. How can he speak now without breaking her heart? So he bows his head resignedly, keeps silence under the accusation, and, when his election is pronounced invalid, leaves the hall with his old mother on his arm, to go and bury himself in his St. Romans farm, with no object before him in life but to console the declining years of 'la vieille maman.' Mother and son pass out of sight with a touching word that closes the comedy: "Ah, how we shall cry when we are alone!" All the interest of the piece is concentrated in the person of the Nabob, and he also constitutes any unity it possesses. Whatever their shortcomings in other respects, the authors have placed this character in broad, clear light, and have drawn it with a firm hand. Poor Jansoulet, in spite of his vulgarity and his weak vanity in his too rapidly acquired wealth, gains the sympathy of the audience. He had shown no insolence in his prosperity, and is consequently pitied in his misfortune." The cast included Adolphe Dupins as the Nabob, M. Dieudonne as the Marquis De Montpavon, Pierre Berton as Paul De Gery, M. Rosselet as Joyeuse, Mlle. Blanche Pierson as Felicia, Mlle. Helene Mounier as Madame Hemerlingue, and Mlle. Alice Lody as Aline.

"Forced from Home"

is the title of a drama, in four acts, by W. G. Wills, first acted at the Duke's Theatre, London, Feb. 2. In point of construction the piece cannot claim any high praise. The inevitable conclusion is foreseen from the first, and the least analytical playgoer did not require to puzzle his brains greatly to anticipate what was coming when Mrs. Smith, the furious stepmother, and second wife of Thomas Smith, tailor, comes upon the scene. The second wife finds the grown-up daughter, Milly Smith, greatly in the way, and it seems the antagonism between them dated from the first day the new wife entered the tailor's house. Smith himself is anxious for peace at any price, but his bankrupt brother, Joe Smith, having come for shelter, after being ruined by the long credit he has given to aristocratic patrons, is also at loggerheads with Mrs. Smith. This individual made no little fun for the audience by his general defiance of the aristocracy as a body. He carries his antipathy even to the stylish dummy on which stylish coats are tried before sending them home to Mayfair or Belgravia, and in one instance he is so overcome by his democratic feelings that he addresses the dummy in terrible language, and at last punches its head. The wrath of the stepmother is also exercised upon the youngest child of her husband, who is not allowed to mix with the family; and as Milly, the eldest, has received attentions from the Hon. Edward Almont, who, although deterred by fear of offending a proud mother from immediately marrying Milly, sincerely loves her, the fact of his sending her a birthday present of a gold watch is seized upon by the stepmother to make the vilest accusation against her, and at last, driven to desperation by the bitter taunts, and even blows, of her savage persecutor, who is assisted by a German admirer of Milly's, Stoltz, the unhappy girl flees with Almont, and her father, believing in her shame, casts her off forever. The second act, which is in many respects the most dramatic, takes us to St. John's Wood, where we find Milly in handsome apartments. She is not happy, because of her equivocal position, but we are assured that she is as pure as when she quitted her father's roof. For the purposes of the drama we are required to believe that the Hon. Edward Almont is a pattern of virtue. But he is influenced by a companion who is less scrupulous. This man, Sir Francis Heriot, has much rather see Milly in the position more generally accepted when aristocratic lovers "protect" unhappy heroines, and he uses all his skill to bring this about. Almont, bent on doing Milly justice, has procured a marriage-license, but, urged by Heriot, determines to try Milly's feelings by a bit of acting, to ascertain whether her devotion is as strong as her protestations. Milly, stung by what she believes to be her lover's indifference, quits the house, and the Mephistophelian friend quietly puts the marriage-license in the fire. Almont, regretting what he has done, rushes out to bring Milly back, but, returning without finding her, is confronted by her father, who in fierce, proper demands his daughter, with threats against the life of the supposed seducer. Almont attempts to reason with him, to show him the license, but it is gone; and the outraged father, taking a pistol, is about to fire, when the sight of his first wife's portrait, which Milly had left behind her, so overcomes him that the weapon falls from his hand, and his brain, which had long been overtasked, gives way. The third act is occupied with many scenes of misery, one of them taking place at the foot of Waterloo Bridge, where Milly has come, bent upon flowing the sad sample of many a sorrowful girl who has seen her last of life from the crown of what Hood so pathetically called "The Bridge of Sighs." But this was before the tolls were abolished, and, as she has no money, Milly is sent away to wander into the Quadrant on a showy night, where she encounters her father, who, owing to his many misfortunes, has become quite imbecile, and is ruined in business. He no longer recognizes the unhappy girl, who in her distress is again assailed by the German tailor, Stoltz. She still defies him, when the villain, taking out a knife, attempts to plunge it into her heart; but just here her lover reappears. He soon disposes of Stoltz, and, clasping the heroine to his bosom, assures her that her sorrows are at an end, and that nothing but happiness awaits her in the future. This is indeed true in one case. A marriage between Milly and her lover is at once contracted. By the aid of the husband, whose means are apparently extensive, the house of Smith is re-established in its old comfort, all old surroundings are brought back, and Smith is by gentle means led to believe that all his past sufferings are but a bad dream. One daughter, younger than Milly, supposed to have died in hospital, is found alive and well, and Milly's marriage converts even the democratic Joe into a believer that there is some possibility of good in an aristocrat. Much of this is, of course, familiar, and some of it is not too probable. The whole, however, is sympathetic, and, from the popular standpoint, effective, and a complete triumph was obtained. Miss Fanny Brough appeared as Milly, Miss May Holt as Jacky, and Miss Rose Dale as Mrs. Smith, Clarence Holt as Thomas Smith, Chas. Wilmot as Joe Smith, A. C. Calmour as Stoltz, and G. L. Gordon as Almont.

DRAMATIC.

"Daniel Rochat,"

Victorien Sardou's new play, was produced at the Comedie Francaise, Paris, on Monday evening, Feb. 16, and the performance is thus spoken of in a cable-dispatch to *The Herald*: "Daniel Rochat, a distinguished political writer and free-thinker, falls in love at Geneva with Lea Henderson, a Protestant American girl. Love's course is smooth until religious difficulties arise. The first act passes at Ferney during the inauguration of Voltaire's statue on the occasion of his centennial. The second and third acts pass at Geneva in a salon, the original of which is Mme. De Rothschild's villa in that city. Here the marriage of the lovers is celebrated civilly. Daniel hopes there will be no necessity for a religious consecration, but Lea, a fervent Protestant, considering a marriage null without the sanction of the Church, insists. On this point hinges the interest of the play. Act four shows us a novel and most dramatic situation. The husband, legally but not religiously married, attempts to persuade his wife to grant him a husband's privileges. The wife refuses. The situation is intensified by an original and unconventional scene in act five, where Daniel and Lea, who are both in their way conscientious, see misery in prospect through religious differences, and agree to separate before they were ever really united. This bold situation is too novel to please everyone. Still, it is a welcome relief from the commonplaces of the stage. Incidentally many questions of burning interest are introduced bearing on the present struggle between Church and State. Delaunay plays Daniel, Mlle. Bartet, lately of the Vaudeville, made a great impression in the character of the heroine, Lea. Two opposite characters, both fanatics—a clerical named Mme. Palmer and an artist named Bidache —were capitally played by Mlle. Jouassain and M. Thiron. The dramatist has taken direct issue with Dumas, who in his divorce pamphlet affirms that woman will be what her husband chooses her to be. Sardou is evidently inclined to prefer Lea to Daniel, but skilfully evades compromising himself too much politically by avoiding the introduction of the Catholic dogmas on divorce. The opening of the play is a perfect idyl. 'Daniel Rochat' is admirably put on the stage. The costumes are effective and in excellent taste; but, with all this, the fact remains to be chronicled that Sardou's play was a complete failure, and was brought to a close amid the protests and hisses of the public."

Next morning the *Figaro*, after expressing regret that a drama of such elevation and boldness should have met with the affront of being hissed on the boards of the first theatre in France, makes the following significant admissions: "A certain slowness, certain ingenious but excessive developments, all the more sensible from the fact that they occur in an action which from the third to the fifth act is always turning upon itself, to arrive again at the point of departure, produced towards the close a lassitude which delivered the play to the vengeance of those who can never forgive M. Sardou the success of 'Rabagas.'" The *Gaulois* praises the drama unreservedly, and deplores the unseemly hostility displayed towards it by the public. It asserts that the prototype of Sardou's latest hero, Daniel Rochat, is Jules Ferry. *Le Soleil* considers the dramatist's latest venture an act of courage, all the more laudable from the fact that the author knew beforehand the attacks to which he exposed himself in defending religious ideas. *Le Rappel* denounces the play with a few disdainful phrases. It considers it one of the most unqualified failures ever witnessed. In this criticism, however, allowance must be made for its evident political bias. *Figaro* describes the manner in which Sardou received his defeat as follows: "He remained in his box. The tumult in the theatre reached his ears. Pale with emotion and excessively nervous, he exclaimed to those near him: 'What can I do? I am alone to sustain the battle. Those that I defend will not defend me, for they know not how to defend themselves. Those that I assail are strong, and they are right. Their object is to reduce me to silence. Well, be it so; they have succeeded. I shall write no more plays.'" Another cablegram says of the succeeding night's performance: "The second performance of the piece was almost as stormy as the first. The usual fashionable Tuesday audience filled all the good places. This part of the house was uniformly favorable to the play. In the upper tiers, however, there were many hostile manifestations. There is a tremendous rush for seats, the best places being taken for a fortnight ahead. Sardou is calmer, but repeated yesterday his intention, when engagements permitted, to renounce writing for the stage."

The Haymarket Theatre, London, has been reopened under the management of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft. During the period of its closure a complete transformation of the interior of the house was effected, and *The Sunday Times* thus notices the changes and improvements that have been made: "Those who remember the old Haymarket and on entering the new building no single feature to remind them of the house so long associated with memories of Webster, Buckstone, Compton, Sothern, and J. S. Clarke. The transformation of the Lady Amaranth of 'Wild Oats,' when she puts off her Quaker costume to be presented at Court with her husband, cannot be greater than that now accomplished. Entering by new lobbies, the occupant of the stalls loses himself in mysterious alleys and foyers, and has scarcely time to marvel at the artistic beauty of the pavement of marble mosaic, the stained glass windows, and other novelties of theatrical decoration. Passing at length into the auditorium, he sees a house ablaze with splendor, yet so tasteful and artistic that no sign of oppressiveness is felt. A portion merely of the pit is converted into stalls, of which there are about one hundred and fifty; the remainder is covered by the dress-circle, which, converted into a balcony, is thrust forward. This, which is almost level with the stage, is probably the best part of the house. Above it, a little farther from the stage, is a second circle, and higher still the gallery. At the corners, meanwhile, breaking the monotony of the lines, are two separate tiers of boxes. The decorations, in ivory, blue and gold, are admirable, and every available space of proscenium, lunette or paneling is occupied with designs equally rich and artistic. The most important of the designs is over the proscenium, and presents a scene from 'Comus.' Smaller spaces contain designs from 'The Merchant of Venice,' 'Measure for Measure,' 'As You Like It,' and other Shakespearian plays, or figures of the muses closely associated with dramatic or histrionic art. In the decoration of the ceiling fairy color and gold prevail. A drop-scene presents the minuet from 'The School for Scandal,' as recently played at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, and is admirable in all respects. Perhaps the most striking thing of all in the theatre is the gold frame around the entire stage, which includes the whole action, and gives it the aspect of a picture. The bottom portion of this serves not only to hide the orchestra, but to conceal entirely the footlights, leaving the stage quite close, as it appears to the audience, and on a level which enables every action to be seen with complete comfort and ease, and with a perfection of stage illusion such as we do not recall. The whole house is, indeed, a revelation of what may be done in the way of theatrical decoration. Some dissatisfaction was felt by a portion of the audience at the disappearance of the pit. Such regrets and such expressions of annoyance are alike futile. The pit is certainly doomed in every theatre in London, and its entire disappearance is a mere matter of time." The ceremony of "Money" was performed, with Mrs. Bancroft as Lady Franklin, Miss Marion Terry as Clara Douglass, Miss Linda Dietz as Georgina Vesey, Arthur Cecil as Graves, C. F. Bancroft as Sir Frederick Blount, Mr. Archer as Capt. Dudley Smooth, Mr. Conway as Alfred Evelyn, Mr. Kemble as Stout, and Forbes Robertson as Lord Glossmore.

A Parisian publisher states in a letter to the journals that Sardou's "Daniel Rochat" presents striking analogies with a poem by Theodore Vibert, entitled "Maruras, on un Mariage Civil," published by him in August last, and hints that as soon as Sardou's play is published legal proceedings may possibly be taken to establish prior rights.

Mme. Pasca has been engaged for three years by the management of the Gymnase Theatre, Paris. M. Achard and Mlle. Dinelli of that theatre intend to go on the operatic stage.

"Daniel Rochat" is to be travestied by MM. Blavet and Besson for the Palais Royal Theatre, Paris.

"Les Fugitifs" has been revived at the Chatelet Theatre, Paris.

At the Odeon, Paris, a little one-act piece entitled "The Rainbow" has been given with marked success. The author is new to the stage, but both the situations and dialogue are said to be worthy of a veteran hand.

The report of the marriage of Miss Emily Duncan and Charles Harris is pronounced incorrect.

"The Streets of London" was to have been revived at the Princess' Theatre, London, Feb. 16, with Charles Warner as Badger.

Miss Kate Bateman is playing Mary Warner at the New Sadler's Wells Theatre, London.

"Jo" has taken the place of "Midge" at the Royalty Theatre, London. Miss Jennie Lee is the heroine.

J. L. Toole is playing "Paul Pry" and "Domestic Economy" at the Folly Theatre, London.

"Amos Clarke," with George Rignold as the hero, has been substituted for "Alone" at the Connaught Theatre, London.

John S. Clarke has succeeded Chas. Wyndham at the Olympic Theatre, London.

The Albion Theatre, Poplar, London, is now being remodeled, and will be reopened as a large music-hall called "The Queen's Arms Palace of Varieties."

"Ourselves" gave way to "The School for Scandal" at the Vaudeville Theatre, London, Feb. 8.

MUSICAL.

The opera "Petrarque" has led to a quarrel between three theatrical partners in Paris, the managers of the Opera Populaire. One of them, M. Husson, wished to have the last act, which is said to be a tedious affair, cut out. The others refused to accede to his request, and M. Husson resigned.

Six Wagner Concerts are to be given at the Salle Nadar, Paris, commencing Feb. 26.

Mlle. Alboni is reported to have achieved great success at the Theatre de la Monnaie, Brussels, Belgium.

The subscriptions for the Patti performances at the Gaite, Paris, amount to 600,000 francs.

Salvini and his Italian company went from Vienna, Austria, to Odessa, performing there three times per week to big business. St. Petersburg and Moscow were next to be visited.

VARIETY HALLS.

The Garretta Family and the Loxton Brothers began engagements in the Crystal Palace, Porto, Portugal, Sunday, Feb. 1.

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